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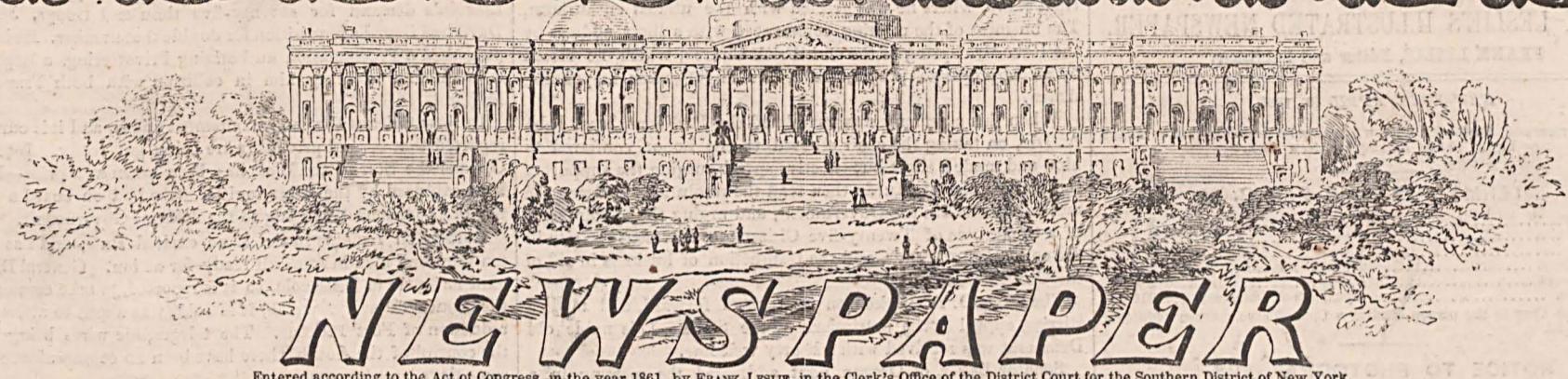
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FRANK LESLIE'S

THE WOUNDED BRAVE



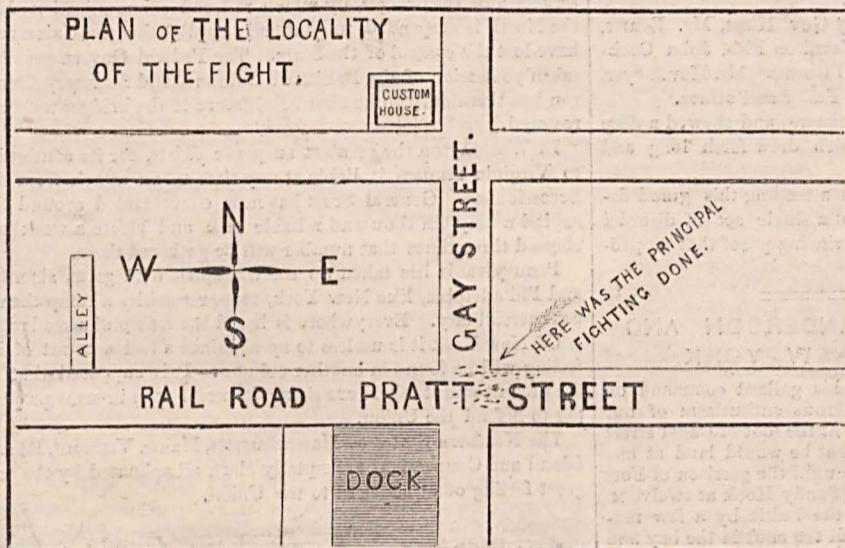
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 284—VOL. XI.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1861.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.



PLAN OF THE LOCALITY WHERE THE PRINCIPAL FIGHTING TOOK PLACE BETWEEN THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT AND THE PEOPLE OF BALTIMORE, APRIL 13, 1861.



CARRYING AWAY THE DEAD AND WOUNDED AFTER THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT AND THE PEOPLE OF BALTIMORE.



THE SIXTH REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS FIRING INTO THE PEOPLE AT THE HENSWELL DEPOT, BALTIMORE, WHILE TAKING THE CARS FOR WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. SEE PAGE 375.

Barnum's American Museum

IS overflowing with Living Wonders, including Old Grizzly Adams, California Bears, which perform a variety of amusing tricks, Sea Lion, Aztec Children, Albino Family, What Is It? Bearded Lady, Liliputian Queen, and Superb Dramatic Performances every afternoon and evening.

IRVING HALL,

IRVING PLACE AND FIFTEENTH STREET,

Opposite to the

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

FOR BALLS, CONCERTS, LECTURES, FESTIVALS, FAIRS, &c., &c., &c.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1861.

Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

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Or One Copy	2 years	\$ 5
Three Copies	1 year	\$ 6
Five do.	1 year (to one address)	\$10

And an extra Copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, \$2.

NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

To Officers and others Attached to the Armies of the Federal and the Confederate States.

I shall be happy to receive from Officers and others attached to either Army, sketches of important events and striking incidents which may occur during the impending struggle which seems to threaten the country. For such sketches, forwarded promptly, I will pay liberally.

My corps of Artists is unequalled in the country, and correspondents can depend upon their sketches, however rough, being produced in the finest style of art.

Any gentleman connected with either Army who will forward us a small sketch, as a specimen of his ability as a draughtsman, will receive, gratuitously, "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," for the coming year.

Sketches of unusual interest will be most liberally paid for.

Special attention is requested to this notice.

FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square,

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

A Southern Paper says that a county of Chicasaw, Miss., has a regularly officered and drilled company of young ladies, who have pledged themselves, in the event that the men are called into service, to protect their homes and families during their absence, and see that the farms are properly cultivated, and full crops raised not only for the support of the county, but of the army of Mississippi. The Day Book suggests that these Chicasaw beauties should be sent against the Seventh Regiment of New York, since the well-known gallantry of this favorite corps would naturally induce them to present arms to it. Another paper—which even these troubled times cannot turn into seriousness—inclines to the belief that they would be better employed in raising and drilling Infantry. At all events, this regiment of the Misses of Mississippi would be invaluable in a Nursery of soldiers. These episodes resemble the silver lining of that terrible cloud now passing over us, but still they are hardly subjects for humor.

In Times like these levity is misplaced, but who can refuse to laugh at such Roman Tribune literature as this? It is, of course, in an article upon the great subject of the day:

"Would Leonidas have given up Sumpter? No, by Hercules! Fabius Maximus Cunctator delayed, but with arms in his hands, his whole force on foot, and his position clearly defined."

THE MONSTER MEETING IN UNION SQUARE!

Two Hundred Thousand People Come Out at the Call.

THE VOICE OF NEW YORK FOR THE UNION!

The Government to be Supported at All Risks!

NEVER has the great heart of our beloved Republic beat with so full and deep a pulse as it did on the 20th of April, for on that day the citizens of the Metropolis of the United States were called upon to show their fealty to a Constitution, which was inaugurated in a seven years' baptism of heroic suffering unparalleled in the History of Man, and nobly did that great heart beat—nobly and grandly did the millions respond as one man to the challenge. From daybreak the countenance of our citizens had a seriousness quite unusual, and the silent and continuous closing of the stores, the spontaneous tramp of thousands to one given spot, and the multitudinous display of the National Flag, gave evidence that for once the nation was aroused to a sense of its responsibility and peril. Man, woman and child seemed alike stirred by one instinct. Sectional differences were swallowed up

in one grand maelstrom—Patriotism. Long before the hour named for the commencement of the proceedings, which was three o'clock, thousands were pouring from every thoroughfare to the one grand centre, Union Square, and at that time there would not have been less than a hundred and fifty thousand men assembled in Union Square and its adjacencies to give their support to the Constitution.

Long before this hour Major Anderson had been escorted to the Everett House, where he was received by the General Committee, and soon after the gallant defender of Fort Sumpter, accompanied by the Committee, made his appearance on the principal stand, where he was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. The business of the meeting commenced with a short address by the Rev. Mr. Spring of the Old Brick Church, which he closed by an appropriate prayer, the whole mighty mass responding Amen.

When this ceremony was completed the President, Hon. John A. Dix, on taking the chair alluded to the honor conferred to him, and made a short but effective speech, urging the support of the Union. Mr. McMurdo then read the resolutions pledging the meeting to sustain the Government, and urging the appointment of a Committee of Twenty-five Citizens to represent the city in the collection of funds, and the transaction of business in aid of the Government.

The Hon. D. A. Dickenson then came forward, and made a stirring appeal to the patriotism of the State. This noble old Democrat was received with a hearty welcome.

Senator Baker, of Oregon, next addressed the meeting in a speech of similar sentiments, and was followed by the Hon. R. J. Walker. A patriotic letter was then read from Archbishop Hughes, strong in its attachment to the Union.

The Hon. Fernando Wood also made one of his emphatic speeches, which was much applauded.

The meeting was then addressed by Gov. Hunt, Mr. Evarts, Cabel Lyon, Hiram Ketchum, Gov. Hamilton Fish, John Cochran, Mr. Raymond of the *Times*, Mr. O'Gorman, Mr. Havemeyer, Royal Phelps, Senator Spinola, W. J. Fuller and others.

Their speeches all breathed one sentiment, and showed a deep seated attachment to the Republic, which drew forth long and loud responses of applause.

Among the gratifying circumstances attending this grand demonstration, we may mention that not a single act of disorder occurred in this vast multitude—a convincing proof that a people can govern themselves.

ARRIVAL OF MAJOR ANDERSON AND HIS COMMAND IN NEW YORK.

THE arrival of Major Anderson and his gallant command on Thursday, the 18th, aroused the generous enthusiasm of our people, and large crowds were waiting at the foot of Canal street and at the Battery in the expectation that he would land at one of those places. The Baltic, which brought the garrison of Fort Sumpter from Charleston, arrived off Sandy Hook at twelve m. The Bavaria, from Hamburg, preceded the Baltic by a few moments, and this steamer, as well as all the craft in the bay and the houses along the shore, were decked with flags in honor of Major Anderson's arrival.

As the steamer came slowly up the harbor, her black hull relieved against the bright waters, she was saluted by guns from the forts, from the shore, and by the ringing of bells and waving of flags, which were returned by the Baltic waving her ensign and firing her cannon.

As soon as it was ascertained beyond a doubt that

Major Anderson was on Board,

the excitement became intense. The Major, dressed in uniform, wrapped in his military overcoat, and looking careworn and fatigued, stood upon the wheel-house and returned the salutations of the people. The men who fought at Sumpter were distinguished by being in the full uniform of the United States, and were drawn up on the quarterdeck.

The little steam ferryboat belonging to Governor's Island soon came alongside the Baltic and received Major Anderson and his party. As she steamed up the bay the greatest enthusiasm was exhibited, and the landing at the Battery was a noble and well deserved ovation. Major Anderson and his officers stepped at once into carriages and drove to the Brevoort House. Here another ovation awaited him. Thousands had collected round the hotel and in the neighborhood to get a glimpse of the hero of the day and for all time. In answer to their shouts he bowed frequently, and seemed deeply gratified that the people, at least, appreciated his devotion, loyalty and courage. He seemed, however, careworn and fatigued, and speedily retired.

One instance of his popularity touched him deeply. He had scarcely got into the hotel, when the boys from Ward School No. 35, to the number of about five hundred, assembled on the sidewalks in front of the hotel and commenced cheering for the Union and Major Anderson. The gallant Major was induced to show himself to the youngsters, and upon his appearance at the door of the hotel a deafening cheer arose from the boys, and also from a large number of persons assembled in the vicinity of the hotel.

If a justification of Major Anderson's conduct were needed, it will be found in his simple, clear, straightforward dispatch to the Government, which we give below.

MAJOR ANDERSON'S DESPATCH TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

STEAMSHIP BALTIC, OFF SANDY HOOK, }

April 18, 1861. }

The Hon. S. CAMERON, Secretary of War, Washington, D.C.

Sir—Having defended Fort Sumpter for thirty-four hours, until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge wall seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effects of the heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions but pork remaining, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard, being the same offered by him on the 11th inst., prior to the commencement of hostilities, and marched out of the fort Sunday afternoon, the 14th inst., with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.

ROBERT ANDERSON, Major, First Artillery.

The State of the Nation.

As sorrowful historians of what is passing around us, we briefly glance at the present aspect of affairs. Comments upon so great

a calamity are useless, and almost impertinent, and we therefore confine ourselves to the facts.

While the North seems determined to support the Unity of the Republic, the South are equally earnest in their determination to protect what they consider their State Rights, and until a calmer spirit prevails in both parties we fear it is hopeless to expect a satisfactory settlement of the question now at issue.

At Montgomery, the Governmental seat of the Confederate States, great activity prevails to put themselves into an imposing attitude. The Southern journals proclaim that their entire loan of fifteen millions has been taken; and in reply to President Lincoln's demand for seventy-five thousand troops, Jefferson Davis had issued a requisition for double that number. He has also published a Proclamation authorizing Privateering, a step which is calculated to bring him in collision with both France and England.

In New Orleans the same excitement reigns, and it is currently reported that several privateers are being got ready. Into New Orleans the Star of the West has been taken as a prize—having been captured by the Secessionists. She had on board a quantity of provisions belonging to the Federal Government.

Charleston remains in the same excited state, and has above ten thousand men in arms all ready for action. General Beauregard has gone to Pensacola, so it is reported, to take command of the Southern army, which, it is said, was about to attempt the reduction of Fort Pickens. The telegraphic wires being under the control of the South, there have been no communications for some days.

The latest events in this great movement of the age are the secession of Virginia and the equivocal attitude of Maryland, a State hitherto supposed to be strong for the Union. The recent attack upon the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts, and the destruction of the bridges, by which railroad communication with the North is suspended, undoubtedly implies that the Union men have lost the control of the State. The Federal Government has taken possession of the Baltimore Railroad, and Secretary Cameron has threatened to bombard Baltimore if the bridges were not restored.

In Washington the greatest suspense exists, for its contiguity to Virginia renders it liable at any time to an attack from the Secessionists. General Scott has now concentrated around the capital nearly ten thousand reliable men, and before a week has elapsed three times that number will be gathered there.

Pennsylvania has taken up the war spirit with great alacrity, and Philadelphia, like New York, more resembles a camp than a commercial city. Everywhere is heard the tramp of armed men.

Of New York it is useless to speak, since a full account of its feeling will be found in another column. It is supposed that at the present minute there are sixty thousand men in arms preparing to defend the Union.

The Northern States of Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut are equally alert, all animated by the one great feeling of attachment to the Union.

THE WAR FEELING IN THE NORTH.

CONNECTICUT, NORWICH, April 18, 1861.—Gov. Buckingham has issued a proclamation calling one more regiment. \$14,000 were subscribed to-day for the families of volunteer companies.

MAINE, PORTLAND, April 18, 1861.—Our city banks to-day voted a loan of \$250,000 to the State for war purposes.

PENNSYLVANIA, PITTSBURGH, April 18, 1861.—An intense war feeling prevails here. Business is almost entirely suspended. Immense crowds fill the prominent streets and the Union flag is flying everywhere. The volunteer companies are all filled and they are departing eastward. Liberal subscriptions are being made for the comfort of the volunteers and the support of their families. Recruiting is still going on, although there is more than enough for the regiments of the State and Federal requirements. The Committee of Public Safety held a meeting to day and organized.

ILLINOIS, CHICAGO, April 18, 1861.—The banks of this city to-day tendered Gov. Yates \$500,000, asked for as a loan for extraordinary expenses. The war feeling grows more intense. Up to this morning 2,000 men had signed the muster roll. This is double the number that will be allotted to this city. The Zouave Regiment is nearly full. A movement is on foot to uniform them and equip them by private subscription. A wealthy citizen heads the list with \$1,000. \$6,000 were subscribed for the support of volunteers until taken charge of by the State.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., April 18, 1861.—Tenders of companies are pouring into the Adjutant-General's office. None are put down as received who are not reported as full. Forty-nine companies have already been accepted. Tenders have been made for many more. All the railroad lines in the State have volunteers to carry the accepted companies to the place of rendezvous free of charge.

OHIO, CLEVELAND, April 18, 1861.—Ten thousand people turned out to-day as an escort to the Cleveland Grays, who have left for the rendezvous at Columbus. The enthusiasm is intense.

WISCONSIN, MILWAUKEE, April 18, 1861.—There is a strong competition among the moneyed men for the \$200,000 loan asked by the State. The Juneau Bank, a Democratic institution, offers to take the whole amount at par.

NEW JERSEY, TRENTON, April 18, 1861.—The Trenton Bank and the Mechanic's Bank have each tendered to Gov. Olden the loan of \$25,000 to aid in raising the four regiments of soldiers for the war. The Directors of the Mechanic's Bank each subscribed \$100 to aid the families of those who volunteer in this city.

HOBOKEN.—Mr. Edward A. Stevens has offered to continue the salaries of all persons in his employ who shall enlist to serve the country.

PATRIOTIC OFFER FROM NEW JERSEY.—Mr. James Warren, proprietor of the Strawberry Farms, a summer resort, five miles from the Shrewsbury Depot, New Jersey, offers the gratuitous use of one-third of all his buildings for the use of the families of those who shall hereafter volunteer, and are called away in the service of their country.

MASSACHUSETTS, NEW BEDFORD, April 18, 1861.—The City Council to-night appropriated \$5,000 for the benefit of the families of the New Bedford City Guard, attached to the Third Regiment, which left in the S. R. Spaulding. The Council also appropriated \$10,000 for the organization of a coast guard for the defence of the city.

BOSTON, April 18, 1861.—Mr. William Gray has just given the Government \$10,000 to aid the families of the soldiers. The Merrimac River Bank of Manchester, N.H., offers the State \$40,000 for military purposes, and the Portsmouth Bank \$30,000. Enlisting is going on rapidly in the Granite State. A meeting of the bank officers, representing all the Boston banks, was held here this morning, when a resolution was adopted to loan the State of Massachusetts ten per cent. on their entire capital for the defence of the Government. The capital of the Boston banks amounts to \$38,500,000.

BOSTON, April 19.—The stars and stripes to-day were thrown to the breeze from the top of Bunker Hill Monument.

VERMONT, ST. JOHNSBURY, April 19.—Governor Fairbanks has been tendered a loan of \$50,000 by some of our Banks, for military purposes.

NEW YORK, POUGHKEEPSIE, April 18, 1861.—At a large and enthusiastic meeting held here over eighty volunteers were enrolled. The list will be enlarged.

TAUPE, April 18, 1861.—The Common Council this evening appropriated \$10,000 for the support and relief of the families of the soldiers who volunteer to go to Washington. A large meeting of citizens was also held, and a similar sum was pledged to be raised by subscription.

ROCHESTER, April 18, 1861.—The Common Council this afternoon appropriated \$125,000 for the support of the families of the volunteers and \$5,000 to the Mayor for secret service.

PATRIOTIC ACTION OF THE WESTERN TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.—The following despatch was received in this city. It explains itself:

"Everett Clap, Cashier, No. 1 Centents Slip, New York:

"Give \$500 to assist in the rapid movement of troops from your city in aid of the United States Government. We have given \$500 here, besides tendering free passages to Michigan regiments of volunteers from Detroit to Buffalo. When the future calls, as it will, we will respond again."

"JOHN ALLEN, Jr., President of the Western Transportation Company."

WAR EXCITEMENT IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE GERMANS READY FOR THE FIGHT.—Mr. Lichtenhein, who is actively engaged in collecting a corps of expert artillery (naturalized citizens of German birth), informs us that there are two German regiments all ready, waiting for arms, and ready to move.

PATRIOTISM AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—Collector Barney has granted leave of absence (which continues their salaries) to several Custom House clerks who belong to the regiments which left the city last Sunday.

A REGIMENT OF CAVALRY.—Numerous gentlemen of this city are desirous of forming a regiment of cavalry, and are only waiting for some one capable of taking the lead in such a movement to come forward. They are ready to furnish their own horses, and supply horses for those who wish to enlist, but are unable to furnish themselves. One gentleman at the New York Hotel last night offered to give ten horses for such a regiment. Persons wishing to consult with reference to this subject can call upon Mr. G. W. Richardson, of the firm of Wood & Richardson, 21 Maiden Lane.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—The subscription at the Chamber of Commerce, last Saturday afternoon, for the benefit of the city regiments called into service, amounted to \$22,458. The largest subscription was \$3,000, and the smallest \$100.

PATRIOTIC ACTION OF THE BROADWAY BANK.—The directors of the Broadway Bank met last Saturday morning, and unanimously voted to tender to the government of this State \$250,000 for military purposes.

THE CALIFORNIANS IN NEW YORK.—Measures are being taken by the Californians now in this city to call a meeting for the purpose of organizing a cavalry company of one hundred men. Each man to equip himself throughout. They will tender their services to General Scott at once. Due notice will be given through the papers.

APPEAL TO THE SONS OF NEW ENGLAND.—The following call has been issued: "Sons of New England! Reimber April 19, 1775, and April 19, 1861. Those wishing to join a company composed of New Englanders to be attached to one of the New York regiments, can sign the roll at the office of the New York *Evening Post* and at the law office of Henry P. Tyler, 7 Wall street.

PATRIOTIC CLERGYMAN AND A PATRIOTIC WIFE.—Rev. T. W. Conway, a Baptist clergyman of this city, having been asked by a prominent military man whether he would accompany a regiment of volunteers as chaplain, replied that "he was ready as a soldier of the Cross to perform the functions of his vocation with any company who desired them, and that no service would be more cheerfully rendered than that which would tend to promote the righteous cause in which our Government is now engaged." When it was reported to his wife that there was a probability of his accompanying the Seventy-ninth Regiment Scotch Highlanders, she remarked, "If he is needed and would not go, I would not own him."

TROOPS FREE ON HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—The President of the Hudson River Railroad Company informed Simeon Draper, who at once communicated the fact to Governor Morgan, that his company were ready to convey troops from Albany or Troy to this city free of all charge. The country will appreciate this act of patriotism.

THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF BROOKLYN HAS APPROPRIATED \$75,000 FOR THE FAMILIES OF HER VOLUNTEERS. THE CITY OF NEW YORK HAS APPROPRIATED \$75,000 FOR THE SAME PURPOSE; BUT THAT AMOUNT IS A MERE NUCLEUS OF A SUM WHICH WILL FROM PRIVATE RESOURCES ALONE VERY SOON EXCEED A MILLION.

A FRENCH COMPANY—GARDE MURAT.—The following call has been issued by M. Le Gendre:

"Aux armes, citoyens!
Par la voix du canon d'alarmes,
L'Un sur appelle ses enfants!"

AUTORISÉ PART LE GOUVERNEMENT, LE SOUSIGNÉ FORME EN CE MOMENT UNE COM-PAGNIE QUI DOIT PORTER LE NOM DE "GARDE MURAT," ET FAIRE PARTIE D'UN RÉGIMENT DE CAVALERIE, QUI VA BIEN-ÔT SE METTRE EN CAMPAGNE. IL S'ADRESSE AUX FRANÇAIS DE NEW YORK, A CEUX SURTOUT QUI ONT COMBATTU SOUS LE GLORIEUX DRAPEAU TRICOLORE. VENEZ, BRAVES SOLDATS! ET VOUS, NOMMÉS DE RÉSOLUTION, VOUS TOUS QUI AIMEZ VOTRE PATRIE ADOPTEZ AUSSI BIEN QUE LA MÈRE PATRIE, VENEZ VOUS ENROLLER! VENEZ MAINTENIR L'UNION AMÉRICAINE ET PROUVER QUE LA VALEUR FRANÇAISE NE S'AMOLLIT PAS DANS CES CLIMATS!

P. NARCISSE LE GENDRE,
Fifth Ward Hotel, West Broadway, au coin de Franklin.

THE WAR FEELING IN THE SOUTH.

THE SECESSION OF VIRGINIA HAS ADDED FUEL TO THE FIRE, AND THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE SOUTH IS ALL ABLAZE. THE EXCITEMENT IS WILD. RAILWAY TRAINS ARE LOADED WITH SOLDIERS, ARMS AND AMMUNITION. NORTHERNERS ARE HASTENING HOME. THE BELIEF SEEMS VERY GENERAL THAT COLONEL BEN McCULLOCH IS EVEN NOW ON HIS WAY TO SURPRISE AND CAPTURE WASHINGTON. THERE IS ALSO A STRONG BELIEF THAT THERE IS A POWERFUL DISLODGE PARTY IN THE NORTH, WHICH WILL BY ITS ACTION PARALYZE ALL THE AGGRESSIVE OPERATIONS OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

THE HARBOR OF MOBILE IS BEING PUT INTO A STATE OF THOROUGH DEFENSE AND MADE READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY.

THE FORCE AT PENSACOLA UNDER GENERAL BRAGG IS ASSUMING A STRONG AND THREATENING APPEARANCE, AND ADDITIONAL VOLUNTEERS ARE POURING IN EVERY DAY TO SWELL THE NUMBER. THE STRUGGLE AT PENSACOLA, WHEN IT ONCE BEGINS, WILL BE LONG AND BLOODY. FORT PICKENS, IT IS SAID, HAS BEEN REINFORCED, AND HAS NOW EIGHT HUNDRED MEN WITHIN ITS WALLS AND PLenty OF PROVISIONS. SEVERAL VESSELS OF WAR ARE ALSO IN THE HARBOR READY TO RENDER ASSISTANCE TO THE DEFENSE. THE TROOPS UNDER GENERAL BRAGG ARE FULL OF ENTHUSIASM, AND ARE EAGER TO BE LED ON TO THE ATTACK.

IT IS CONFIDENTLY EXPECTED THAT NORTH CAROLINA WILL IMMEDIATELY SEcede FROM THE UNION. SIX TWENTY-PUNDERS FROM CHARLESTON FOR FORT MCMILLAN HAVE REACHED WILMINGTON. TROOPS ARE POURING INTO THAT AND OTHER FORTS; THE MILITARY SPIRIT PREDOMINATES OVER EVERY OTHER SENTIMENT. NOT ONLY VAST SUPPLIES OF MEN ARE SPRINGING UP EVERYWHERE, BUT THE SINWS OF WAR—MONEY, IS FLOWING IN FREELY. IT IS STATED THAT AT MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, THE DEMAND FOR THE LOAN OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES WAS SO GREAT THAT PRESIDENT LINCOLN HAS DETERMINED TO OFFER THE WHOLE \$15,000,000. THE AMOUNT SUBSCRIBED ALREADY EXCEEDS \$15,000,000. THE BOOKS WERE CLOSED, AND THE SMALLER SUMS HAVE PREFERENCE OVER THE LARGER ONES.

IN AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, A RHODE ISLANDER, AND AN OLD CITIZEN OF THAT PLACE, ISSUED AN ORDER TO UNIFORM AND EQUIP, AT HIS OWN EXPENSE, A COMPANY OF EIGHTY VOLUNTEERS FOR THE WAR. THE COMPANY HAS BEEN ORGANIZED AND WILL BE READY TO MARCH IN TEN DAYS.

ON WEDNESDAY, 17TH INST., SHORTLY BEFORE THE STEAMER YORKTOWN WAS TO HAVE Sailed FOR NEW YORK, GOVERNOR LETCHER ORDERED COMPANY F, CAPTAIN CARY, OF THE FIRST REGIMENT OF VOLUNTEERS, TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THAT VESSEL, FOR THE PURPOSE OF TAKING TROOPS DOWN TO NORFOLK. ABOUT FOUR P.M. A TRUMPETER WENT DOWN MAIN STREET CALLING THE CITIZENS TO ARMS, AND SHORTLY AFTERWARD MEN, WITH MUSKETS AND WHATEVER OTHER EQUIPMENTS THEY COULD GET HOLD OF, WERE RUSHING DOWN TOWN TOWARD ROCKETS, THE LOWER PART OF THE CITY. AN HOUR AFTERWARD NEARLY ALL RETURNED, A SQUAD OF MEN HAVING BEEN PLACED ON GUARD TO DETAIN THE STEAMER. SHE WAS TO HAVE Sailed ON THURSDAY MORNING WITH TROOPS FOR NORFOLK.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

THREE REGIMENTS LEFT THE CITY OF NEW YORK ON SUNDAY, THE 21ST, FOR WASHINGTON, IN THE BALTIMORE, MARION AND COLUMBIA. THESE REGIMENTS ARE THE SEVENTY-FIRST, COL. VOSBURG; SIXTH, REGIMENT, COL. J. C. PINCKNEY, AND THE TWELFTH REGIMENT, COL. DANIEL BUTTERFIELD. ON THE 23D, THE EIGHTH REGIMENT, COL. GEORGE LYONS, WILL LEAVE NEW YORK; ALSO, THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT, COL. CORCORAN. ON WEDNESDAY, THE 24TH, THE NINTH REGIMENT WILL DEPART FROM OUR CITY, MAKING IN ALL, NEARLY FIVE THOUSAND MEN.

FIRE DEPARTMENT ZOUAVES.

A REQUISITION, SIGNED BY THE CHIEF OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK, JOHN DECKER, CALLING FOR VOLUNTEERS TO FORM A FIRE ZOUAVE REGIMENT, TO BE COMMANDED BY COL. HILSWORTH, BROUGHT OUT WITHIN TWO DAYS TWELVE HUNDRED RECRUITS, AND SO GREAT AN ENTHUSIASM IS EXPRESSED, THAT THE FORMATION OF A SECOND FIRE REGIMENT WILL BE IMMEDIATELY PROCEEDED WITH. THE FIRST REGIMENT OF THESE GALLANT FELLOWS IS NOW DRILLING IN FORT HAMILTON, AWAITING THE ORDERS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

WILSON ZOUAVES.

COL. WILSON HAS RAISED, WITHIN A FEW DAYS, A REGIMENT NUMBERING ABOUT TWO THOUSAND MEN, OF THAT CLASS DENOMINATED THE "ROUGHS"—MEN FIT FOR ANY MILITARY EMERGENCY.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

THIS BRIGADE WILL BE UNDER THE COMMAND OF LIEUT. BARTLETT. FOUR HUNDRED MEN ENROLLED THEMSELVES IN LESS THAN TWO DAYS, AND IT IS EXPECTED THE ENTIRE REGIMENT WILL BE COMPLETED BY THE 23D.

FOREIGN RESIDENTS.

WE HEAR IN ALL DIRECTIONS OF COMPANIES BEING ORGANIZED BY THIS CLASS OF OUR CITIZENS, CONSISTING OF ENGLISH, ITALIAN, FRENCH, GERMANS, &c. AS VERY MANY OF THESE MEN HAVE EARNED CONSIDERABLE DISTINCTION IN THE RECENT EUROPEAN WARS, IT IS EXPECTED THEY WILL BE READY AT A VERY EARLY PERIOD.

LIGHTNING ZOUAVES.

THIS REGIMENT, UNDER THE COMMAND OF COL. HAWKINS—WHO DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF IN MEXICO—HOW NUMBERS NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED MEN. THEY HOLD NIGHTLY DRILLS AT THEIR ARMORY, CORNER OF FOURTH AND THOMPSON STREETS, AND ARE COMPOSED OF YOUNG MEN, AND ALL THE FIELD OFFICERS HAVE BEEN ACTIVE SERVICE IN MEXICO. THE LIGHTNING ZOUAVES HAD THE DISTINGUISHED HONOR OF ESCORTING THE GALLANT SEVENTH ON THEIR WAY TO WASHINGTON. THEIR SOLDIERLY APPEARANCE, ACTIVITY AND PRECISION CALLED FORTH THE UNANIMOUS APPROBATION OF THE MILITARY MEN PRESENT.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARE TO BE QUARTERED IN SPLENDID BARRACKS AT WASHINGTON—THE CAPITOL ITSELF. THE OLD HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IS TO BE FITTED UP EXPRESSLY FOR THEIR ACCOMMODATION.

PERSONAL.

EDWARD EVERETT HAS COME OUT IN FAVOR OF THE UNION.

THE JURIES IN CINCINNATI SEEM TO BE VERY SEVERE IN THEIR VERDICTS UPON VIOLENT LADIES. MRS. MARY ANN LEVEET WAS LATELY FINED \$10,000 FOR THROWING VITRIOL UPON A LADY'S DRESS AND PERSON. IT WAS PROVED THAT THE VITRIOL WENT UPON THE LADY'S FACE, AND CONSIDERABLY DAMAGED HER BEAUTY.

JUDGE NAAR, OF THE *TRUE AMERICAN*, A TRENTON PAPER, WAS CALLED UPON BY A LIVELY GATHERING OF PEOPLE, WHO DEMANDED THAT HE SHOULD HOIST THE STARS AND STRIPES. THE JUDGE CAME FORWARD, AND MADE A HUMOROUS SPEECH THAT THE MOB DISPERSED, FORGETTING WHAT THEY CAME ABOUT. SINCE ORPHEUS LED THE TREES TO A DANCE THERE HAS BEEN NOTHING LIKE IT.

LIEUTENANT HENRY, OF THE NINTH REGIMENT, RESIGNED HIS COMMISSION ON THE GROUND THAT, BEING A SOUTH CAROLINIAN, HE WOULD NOT FIGHT AGAINST HIS NATIVE STATE.

THE PAPERS—THAT IS TO SAY, THE GREENEST OF THEM—ARE VERY SEVERE UPON A YOUNG MAN WHO WRITES VERSES UNDER THE *nom de plume* OF OWEN MEADITH. HE IS SON OF BULWER, THE NOVE LIST. THE GREAT CRIME CHARGED AGAINST HIM IS THAT, INSTEAD OF BEING OWEN MEREDITH, HE IS CARRYING GEORGE SAND, FOR HIS "LUCILLE" IS STOLEN *verbatim et literam* (WITHOUT THE TAG OF RHYME) FROM MADAME DUDE-VANT'S "LAVINA," A NOVEL PUBLISHED SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO.

CHARLES DICKENS, *alias* BOZ, HAS GOT INTO ANOTHER SQUABBLE WITH AN OLD FRIEND. IT APPEARS WHEN HE WAS IN DIFFICULTIES HE GAVE A BOND TO A MERCHANT FOR £500, TO BE PAID OUT OF HIS "AMERICAN NOTES." THE INTEREST HAS NEVER BEEN PAID, AND THE PRINCIPAL HAS NEVER BEEN APPLIED FOR; BUT THE DEATH OF THE ELDER BROTHER, WHO LEFT THE MONEY, THREW THE NOTE INTO THE EXECUTOR'S HANDS, AND THE CREATOR OF CHEERYBLE BROTHERS SAYS HE MADE THE NOTE TWELVE YEARS AGO. THE CASE WILL COME BEFORE A LEGAL TRIBUNAL, AND IT IS MORE THAN PROBABLE THAT MRS. DICKENS WILL BE SUBPENNAED TO PROVE THAT FIVE YEARS AGO HER HUSBAND, NOW SEPARATED FROM HER, ACKNOWLEDGED TO HER THAT THE NOTE HAD NOT BEEN PAID. WE UNDERSTAND THAT BY A RECENT LAW A WIFE'S TESTIMONY CAN BE RECEIVED AGAINST HER HUSBAND. IF SO, IT IS AN ERROR, AND AN ATTACK UPON SO EMPOWERED.

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THE PRINCE IMPERIAL WALKED INTO THE EMPEROR'S STUDY ONE MORNING, ATTIRING IN HIS CORPORA'S DRESS. AS THE RULING IS SACRED THAT THE BOY SHOULD ONLY OBTAIN ADMISSION ON GRAND AND STATE OCCASIONS, THE EMPEROR, SOMEWHAT STARTLED, RAISED HIS HEAD FROM HIS DESK AND SAID, NOT SHARPLY—FOR IN HIS PRIVATE HABITS HE APPEARS TO BE THE MOST GENTLE OF MEN—but in rather a surprised tone, "Well, Corporal, and what do you want in such a hurry?" "A REGIMENT?" ANSWERED THE URGENT, WITHOUT THE SMALLEST HESITATION. "A REGIMENT? HALLO! AND WHAT FOR?" RETURNED THE MAJESTY, HIGHLY AMUSED. "TO GO AND FIGHT FOR MY GODFATHER, THE POPE, TO BE SURE." THE EMPEROR WAS ANNOYED, AND, WHAT IS MORE, SHOWED HIS ANNOYANCE. HE TURNED TO THE AIDE-DE-CAMP ANGRILY: "WHAT JOLLY IS THIS? WHO TAUGHT THE CHILD THIS ABSURD DEMAND?" THE AIDE-DE-CAMP HESITANTLY DENIED ANY PARTICIPATION IN THE GUILT, BUT CONFERRED TO THAT OF THE EMPRESS, WHO HAD BEEN PREPARING THE SCENE FOR MANY DAYS PAST.

ON MAJOR ANDERSON'S ARRIVAL AT THE BREVOORT HOUSE, HE WAS MET AT THE DOOR BY MR. CLARK, THE PROPRIETOR. WHILE HE WAS SHAKING HANDS WITH A FEW GENTLEMEN IN THE HALL, HIS DAUGHTER ABBA, A BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF FIFTEEN, RAN DOWN THE STAIRCASE. SEEING HER, MAJOR ANDERSON RAN FORWARD, MET HER MIDWAY UPON THE FLIGHT, AND IN A MOMENT THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER WAS CLASPED IN HER FATHER'S ARMS. HE THEN ASCENDED TO THE APARTMENTS OF MRS. ANDERSON, WHERE A MOST AFFECTIONATE SCENE OF REUNION OCCURRED.

MRS. DAWSON TAKES POSSESSION OF THE ALBAN POST OFFICE ON THURSDAY. MR. WILLIAMS, FORMERLY OF THE UTICA HERALD, TAKES THE EDITORIAL CHAIR OF THE EVENING JOURNAL, LATELY HELD BY MR. F. W. SEWARD. MR. WEED WILL, AS HERETOFORE, HAVE HIS EYE AND HEART IN THE JOURNAL.

GENERAL SWIFT, WHO WAS LATELY APPOINTED POSTMASTER FOR GENEVA, BY THE PRESIDENT, HAS DECLINED IT ON ACCOUNT OF HIS YEARS AND INFIRMITIES.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, WHO WAS LATELY APPOINTED MINISTER TO RUSSIA, HAS POSTPONED HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE PRESENT, IN ORDER TO COMMAND A VOLUNTEER REGIMENT IN WASHINGTON, FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE PUBLIC. AMONG THE PRIVATES IN THIS REGIMENT ARE GENERAL N.C. SENATOR WILMOT, HOBART WARD, SILLAS B. PUTCHER, HON. M. FERRY AND WOODRUFF OF CONNECTICUT, AND OTHER INFLUENTIAL CITIZENS.

OUR WEEKLY GOSPIP.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

NO. 108, "LADIES AT PIANO," A. LAWRENCE. WE CAN HAVE BUT LITTLE RESPECT FOR THE JUDGMENT OF A COMMITTEE WHO WOULD ACCEPT SUCH A PICTURE FOR THE PURPOSE OF EXHIBITING IT. IT LACKS EVERY ELEMENT OF A GOOD PICTURE. NEITHER IN COLORING, DRAWING NOR SENTIMENT IS IT FIT TO BE HUNG ON THE WALLS OF THE ACADEMY. THE FIGURES ARE AFFECTED AND UNNATURAL, AND THEY ARE JUST FITTED TO PLAY UPON A PIANO WHICH CANNOT EXCEED IN COMPASS TWO OCTAVES AND A HALF. IT IS REALLY POOR TRASH, AND SO WE PASS IT BY.

NO. 21, "SKETCHES FROM LIFE," ARTHUR LUMLEY. SKETCHES DASHED IN WITH A FREE HAND, WELL DRAWN, SPIRITED AND FULL OF CHARACTER. MR. LUMLEY GIVES EVIDENCE OF DECIDED ABILITY.

NO. 22, "SCENE FROM MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," ALFRED FREDERICKS. THIS YOUNG ARTIST HAS EVIDENTLY TAKEN GILBERT FOR HIS MODEL. HE HAS STUDIED HIM LOVINGLY, AND HAS ACQUIRED HIS MANNER SO CLOSELY AS TO LAY HIM OPEN IN SOME DEGREE TO A CHARGE OF IMITATION. THE SAME QUANTINNESS OF TREATMENT, THE SAME BREADTH OF CHARACTER AND HUMOR CAN BE TRACED IN THIS PICTURE, BUT IT IS BY NO MEANS A SERVILE IMITATION. THE SCENE IS WHERE THE ELISH SPIRIT PUCK PLAYS HIS PRANKS UPON THE CLOWNISH PLAYERS. HE IS DEFENDING THEM THROUGH BOG AND BRAKE BY THE LIGHT OF THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP, WHICH GLEAMS FROM AN INVERTED LILY IN HIS HANDS. THIS EFFECT IS ACHIEVED WITH GREAT SUCCESS. THE FIGURE OF PUCK IS WILDLY ELISH IN ITS CHARACTER, AND IS SKETCHED WITH INFINITE SPIRIT. THE OTHER FIGURES ARE ALL BROADLY HUMOROUS AND QUAINLY CONCEIVED. THE ARTIST HAS CAUGHT THE SHAKESPEAREAN SPIRIT OF THE SCENE, DISPLAYING A VIVID IMAGINATION, AND FOR A WATER COLOR DRAWING IT IS NOT ONLY SINGULARLY STRIKING, BUT ITS STRENGTH OF EFFECT IS QUITE REMARKABLE.

NO. 123, "SUNSET IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL," M. F. H. DE HAAS. THIS PICTURE IS PARTICULARLY ADMIRABLE FOR THE TONE WHICH PERVERDES IT. THE SUNSET IS STRONG IN COLOR, BUT WITHOUT WARMTH, A CHARACTERISTIC WHICH WILL BE RECOGNIZED AS PECULIAR TO THE CLIMATE OF ENGLAND. THE SHIPS ARE CAREFULLY AND BOLDLY DRAWN, AND THE COLD GLARE UPON THE WAVES IS SKILLFULLY MANAGED. THE WATER, FINELY PAINTED, IS FULL OF MOTION, AND THERE IS LIFE AND ACTION IN THE SCENE, WHICH IS A REAL MERIT. IT IS ONE OF THE FEW GOOD MARINES IN THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION.

NO. 147, "THE FARMYARD," W. HEPBURN. THE NOTICEABLE POINTS IN THIS PICTURE ARE ITS POOR COLORING, AND TOWELS WHICH MIGHT BE ANYTHING ELSE BUT FOR THEIR MERE FORM, AND A VERY BRAZEN MILKMAID LEAVING IN MOST FAMILIAR MANNER AGAINST AN EXCEEDINGLY DISSIPATED-LOOKING COW.

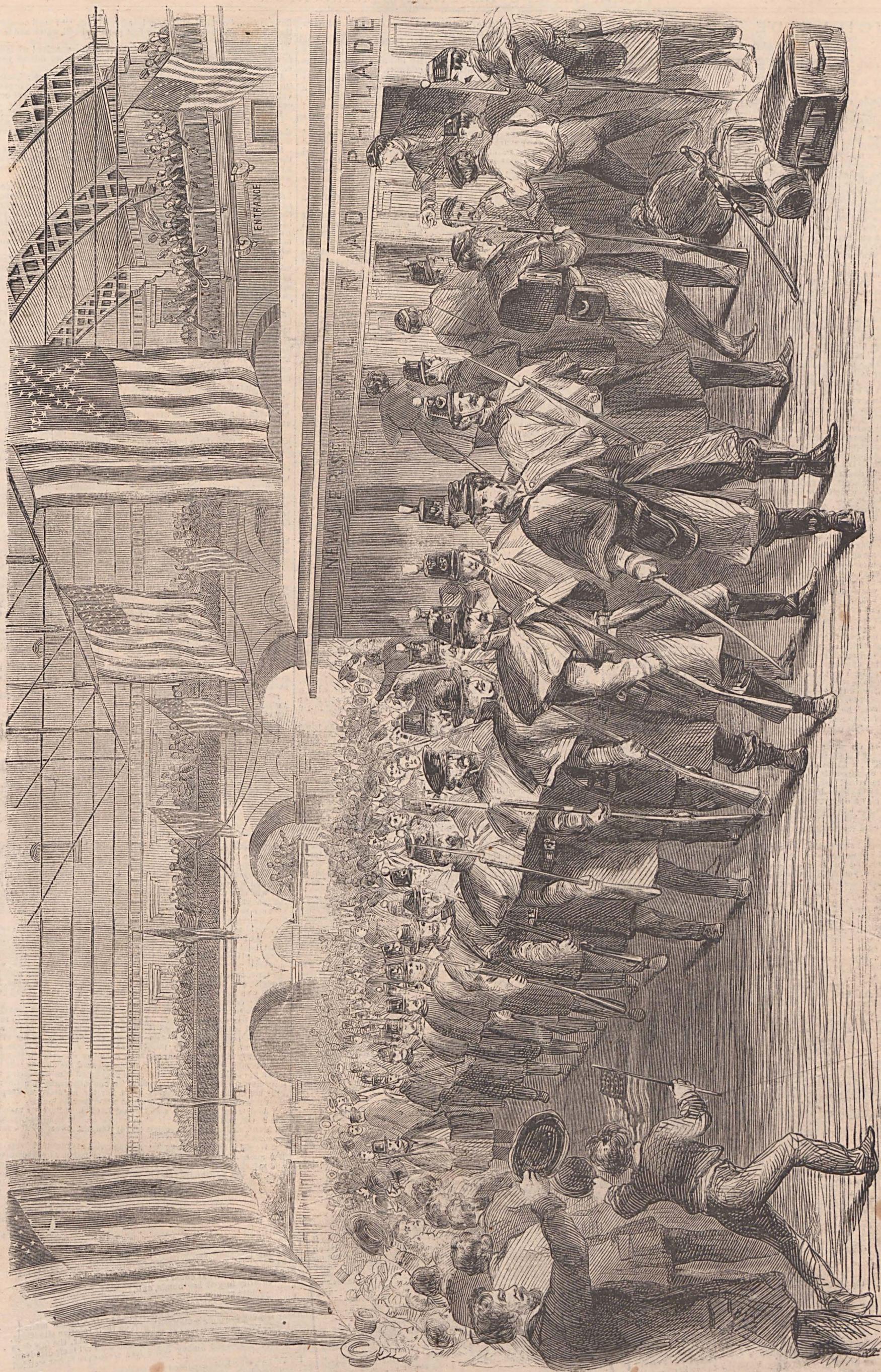
NO. 154, "NOONDAY FOG," JAMES A. SUYDAM. A WELL CONCEIVED AND WELL EXECUTED EFFECT. THE FOG IS VISIBLE CREEPING OVER AND OBSCURING THE FEATURES OF THE LANDSCAPE. ITS GRADATIONS FROM THE SHORTEST FILM TO THE COMPLETEST OBSCURATION ARE MANAGED WITH MARKED ABILITY.

NO. 418, "BREAKING AWAY," JOHN A. HOWS. IN THIS PICTURE WE HAVE A NEW PHASE OF MR. HOWS' REALLY FINE TALENT. WE FIND IN ALL HE GOES A HIGH-TONED FEELING FOR ART, A SENTIMENT WHICH SPRINGS FROM AN ARDENT LOVE FOR AND AN EARNEST STUDY OF NATURE IN HER SOLITUDES, AND AN IMAGINATION WHICH IS AT ONCE GRACEFUL, FANCIFUL AND PICTURESQUE. IN HIS LANDSCAPES, EVEN WHEN DEVOID OF THE PRESENCE OF ANIMAL LIFE, THERE IS AN INDESCRIBABLE SENTIMENT, AS THOUGH SOME LOVING EYE WAS GAZING ON AND DRINKING THEIR RICH, VOLUPTUOUS BEAUTY—AS THOUGH SUCH EXQUISITE HARMONY OF FORM AND COLOR COULD NOT EXIST WITHOUT THE PRESENCE OF HUMAN LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

THE TITLE OF THE PICTURE, "BREAKING AWAY," INDICATES ITS PRINCIPAL EFFECT. A FOG HAS SHROUDED THE WATER, BUT THE RAYS OF THE RISING SUN ARE GRADUALLY DISSIPATING ITS STRENGTH, AND IT IS BREAKING AWAY IN THE EAST AND SLOWLY LIFTING FROM THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, REVEALING THE DISTANT HEADLAND. THIS PORTION OF THE PICTURE IS HANDLED WITH THE TOUCH OF A MASTER. THE CASUAL OBSERVER MIGHT PASS IT BY BECAUSE IT IS DEVOID OF MARKED CONTRASTS, BUT THE CRITICAL OBSERVER WILL RECOGNIZE AND APPRECIATE ITS ADMIRABLE FIDELITY TO NATURE.



EVACUATION AND BURNING OF THE U. S. ARSENAL AND SHOPS AT HARPER'S FERRY, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 18th OF APRIL, BY LIEUTENANT JONES, AND HIS COMMAND, BY ORDER OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT—
APPROACH OF THE VIRGINIAN FORCES—SEE PAGE 375.



THE SIXTH REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS LEAVING JERSEY CITY R. R. DEPOT, TO DEFEND THE CAPITOL, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 18TH, 1861.—SEE PAGE 375.

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Emile came into the room she walked tiptoe round the bed, but Lucille, feeling disinclined to talk, pretended to be asleep, and Emile, after leaning over her with the wish to disturb her but without effect, was soon undressed and by her side. After lying restless some time, she slid her arm under the head of her companion.

"Lucille," she said, gently, "do you really sleep, or are you quiet to deceive me?"

"Not asleep, Emile," she replied; "but I cannot talk. Leave me to my thoughts."

"Are they so pleasing, then?" said Emile. "Say if they are of Jules, of my brother. Ah, your eyelashes are wet with tears!" and she turned her face towards herself. "Jules has told me all, Lucille; he is unhappy as yourself; and why should this be? After all, there was nothing base and dishonorable in his proposal; and I, as your friend, as your sister, have come with a heart brim full of affection and best wishes for your happiness, to add my entreaties to his, that you will listen to his ardent love. Nay, do not turn from me, for you must hear what I will tell you. After all, dear Lucille, a private marriage is not such a very formidable affair. It is a thousand times better than sacrificing the happiness of two loving hearts; for if my mother's consent is waited for, then will you never be united to Jules; for, like most persons of weak mind, she is obtuse where there is a loophole to creep out at; but when things are irremediably settled, she submits with the best grace in the world, and is kind and often generous; and she has her best regards so exclusively fixed on Jules that her forgiveness will easily be obtained."

"If her forgiveness would be so readily gained, why not try for consent?" said Lucille. "My father will never stand at the altar and give me to the son against the mother's wish."

"Your father, dearest," said Emile; "you do not fear his anger, I am sure. He is so kind and lenient, so sensible and just, that—"

"That is why I can not deceive him," interrupted Lucille. "He would forgive me, I know, for the act, but I could not forgive myself. Emile, your reasoning is bad. Leave me, I entreat, to my own reflections."

Turning abruptly away, Lucille remained quiet to all Emile's eloquence; though much she spoke found reciprocal sentiments in her own reasonings, and though she said, with a gush of tears, which almost denied the assertion, "I am firm in my resolution not to deceive my father, and shall rejoice, oh, how heartily, when D'Almaire and Emile depart, that I may be myself again." But there was a chill at her heart, a trembling through her frame, as a presentiment rested on her mind that happiness would not so easily be regained. That a blight was upon it, that would cause the blessings she had hitherto delighted in to wither in the sunlight of her youth. Yes, Lucille at once had launched upon the world; she already tasted its bitterness; for the first time she wished to think unmolested, to dive into the depth of her own heart, that she might look into others. The charm of childhood had vanished—she was a woman, depending on her own responsibilities, with thoughts and hopes she felt too sacred to trust to any but her own keeping.

The next morning Lucille met D'Almaire with an effort at coldness; but his silence, and the troubled expression of his countenance when their eyes met, which by some accident was often, tended before the meal was ended to scintillate the coldness of one, and to subdue greatly the troubled look of the other; but for several days she studiously avoided being alone with him.

This restraint on her words and actions was ended by the announcement of D'Almaire that the Chambers having met, he should be expected in a few days to be seen there, the unsettled state of France calling every member to his seat, which would necessitate him fixing an early time to leave them. Though his speech was directed to De Vernet, he cast a furtive glance at Lucille. She was pale, and the work she was engaged on fell heedlessly to the floor; satisfied with the emotion evidently caused by his statement, he drew near her.

"Lucille," he said, "you will not let me depart as you would a stranger, with a careless adieu, and I hope soon to meet again. You will, after our happy friendship, devote one short leisure hour to me."

"When do you go?" she asked, without looking at him, though she felt his breath floating over her hair.

"I think, if Emile is in readiness, to be on the road to Paris by sunrise to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she responded, with a start, and in a voice evidently intended to be cold, but which was slightly quivering; "you are precipitate in your movements, monsieur!"

"Can you wonder at it when you are so charged, when you take every opportunity to avoid me, and for three days have only returned cold monosyllables to the ardent words I have addressed to you?"

"I have been guided by my feelings," she replied. "I was induced by your proposal. You wished me to forget my duty as a daughter, and my delicacy as a woman."

"Lucille, you do not know the strength of my love for you, or you would pardon and accede to those wishes, which alone can insure our happiness. Do not turn from me. If you refuse my love, it is not too much to ask for your friendship—to know I possess that slight as the return. To my own sentiments it will be a consolation to me in our everlasting separation."

"Everlasting!" she cried, faintly, her cheeks and lips paling. "Why everlasting? As friends we can meet, as friends respect and aid each other. It is the pale we should not have stepped over, with the impediments to our union before us."

"Friendship is your warmest sentiment, Lucille, or you could not talk so coldly. You reason. When did love ever reason? When shielded under the cloak of duty and affection? Never!"

"You asked for my friendship, monsieur; let it satisfy you; it is as much, under present circumstances, as we should desire. You call me cold; leave me with that idea, and school your own heart by it to think yourself the only sufferer. It will reduce your high-spirited feeling to a level with mine, will bring you to the reason you condemn in me, and will force you to forgetfulness of the few weeks passed in the seclusion of our vine-crowned valley with Lucille de Vernet."

She could no longer control her feelings, but burst into passionate tears. Her assumed coldness had vanished, and rushing into the garden she threw herself on a seat in the shade, and sobbed with all the vehemence of a young and troub-

D'Almaire followed with the step and air of a conqueror, still by the tender feelings of a young and troub-

steps a few paces from her, regarding her with mingled sensations. He slackened his quick foot-

He ploughed her into new troubles; but his love triumphed over these better feelings, and drawing towards her before she was aware of his presence, he slid his arm round her waist. She would have burst from the bond that held her had he permitted it; but the time, the opportunity, her softened feelings, were too promising to allow them not to take advantage of their value.

He pleaded eloquently, and his arguments overpowered the good sense which had hitherto overruled them. Two hours after they returned to the house; she leaned on his arm, pale and with tears in her eyes, while his step was firm, and there was an air of triumph in his manner which told of the triumphant

LUCILLE, come, do you never intend awaking this bright sunny morning? Do rise from your couch, laggard, if only to listen to the ringing of the lark, and see the bright globules sparkling on the purple grapes!" exclaimed Emile, springing from the bed, and forced a smile on it.

Lucille moved not, neither did she speak; her face was hidden in the pillow, and by the slight convulsion of her frame it was evident she was indigoing in tears, that were wavering her in her promise of the preceding evening.

"Come," continued Emile, pleadingly, and throwing open the window while speaking. "Come, Lucille, do not sulky this bright, auspicious morning by this ill-timed shower of tears. And see, Jules is galloping over the hills. He has already returned from Marseilles, and has arranged all with the Abbé Bremon."

At this announcement, Lucille started up in bed. "So soon!"

she cried in terror. "Emile, assist me, I have changed—tell your brother so. I will not see the abbé."

"Oh, but you must," said Emile. "All is settled. Be not a child to let trifles scare you from a good and just purpose. Arise, and let the morning breeze chase away those ill-timed tears, and the bright sun warm that chilled little heart of yours."

As Emile spoke, the bright sun disappeared behind a lurking cloud, and gave the room, that had been lighted up by its beams, a cold, cheerless aspect. Lucille looked around and shuddered.

"Where is the brightness now?" she said. "Gone, to warn me of my fate! Emile, does it not speak plainly that Heaven approves not of this marriage, silent and secret?"

"This is weakness unworthy of a child, Lucille. When did Heaven ever disapprove of a virtuous union? Leave your bed and be yourself; there never was a bride yet that rose on her bridal morn wholly uncontaminated by an undefined fear. And behold, the sun, your oracle, has again burst forth with all its splendor. Come, dearest, haste, Jules, is calling from beneath. Let a smile dispel that gloom upon your brow, think only of the happy days to come; give all dark prophetic thoughts to the wind, and let me, as your bridesmaid, preside at your adorning for the altar."

Emile's cheerful tones in a degree dissipated the nervous timidity she was throwing a dark silk dress over her, Emile arrested her.

"Not that, not that," she said, "it looks as gloomy as your own prophetic mind, and will infect Jules with it, if his own pleasurable sensations do not overpower it, with its own sombre color. This light airy white dress must be the one, and though no satin bows adorn it, and no wreath of orange blossom rests among your curly locks, you will be a bride no man need be ashamed to take a bride."

Lucille smiled faintly as her eyes furtively rested on the reflected figure in her mirror.

"I am ready now," she said, laying her hand on the handle of the door. "I leave this room for the last time as wholly and solely my father's; when I return to it I shall belong to another. Will that one guard me with the care and tenderness of the one whose loving authority I am throwing off?" She pressed her hands silently on her heart, then added, as she suppressed a long breath, "I must prove it."

"You are late this morning, girls!" cried De Vernet, smilingly, observing their white dresses. "The count has been fidgety this half hour for his breakfast, while you have been gaily decking yourselves. Really, were it not for your pale faces and rather gloomy looks, I should think you were going to some village wedding. But this parting seems to affect you all more than it should do, when at most it will be but for a few months, and you can receive letters from each other every day if you are not too idle to write them."

"Yes," said D'Almaire, quickly, fearing Lucille's emotion would give rise to suspicion. "They think by far too much of it, and to divert their thoughts, I have ordered my carriage in half an hour to take them a drive. Three or four hours passed in the open air this glorious morning will bring back the color to their cheeks and the brightness to their eyes, and give them courage to say 'Adieu' with firmness to-morrow. Come, Emile, if you please, give us our coffee. I have been up and out since six, and the hands of my watch now point to nine. Have mercy on me, and be quick with the coffee."

Emile had taken Lucille's place at the breakfast-table, believing she possessed the most firmness, but her hand trembled as she handed the cup to De Vernet. She felt criminal before him, as if she was joining in a plot against him, and answered confusedly his questions, and the announcement of the carriage was a welcome relief to her.

Lucille started up, frightened at the sound, declaring she felt too ill to go out, and clinging nervously to her father.

"Nonsense!" he cried. "What is it causes this strange irritability of manner, child, so wholly unlike yourself? You and Emile were talking all right instead of sleeping, and want of rest has made you nervous; the air will chase it away. Here, Monsieur D'Almaire, I place her under your care; you will not, I am sure, take her further than her strength will allow. Perhaps it would be as well to reduce your three hours' drive to half its dimensions."

D'Almaire took her from her father's arms, pressed her hands, and whispered a few low tender words in her ear; then, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, led her to the vehicle, and placing her and Emile into it, jumped in himself, and waving his hand to De Vernet, drove off.

The carriage proceeded at rather a quick rate through the town of Marseilles and a mile and a half beyond it, when it branched off into a narrow road, and had proceeded near a mile in this direction, when D'Almaire, looking from the window, exclaimed, in a tone of vexation,

"Good heavens! there is Batiste! What can have brought his ill-timed presence so near us? Just, too, as we were about alighting—for we must leave the carriage here, that the servants may merely think we are going to morning service. What shall we do, Lucille? admit him to our confidence? For see, the church is in sight."

"Yes, yes," she returned; "tell him. Batiste is our faithful friend. It will be a great relief to me to have some one near when you are gone that knows all about it."

D'Almaire took her from the carriage without speaking, though evidently ruffled, and spoke to Batiste, who listened without interrupting him to the end, when he exclaimed,

"I do not like these private weddings, they often lead to unhappy results. Lucille has acted unwisely to deceive her father; but I suppose it is too late to offer opposition now, monsieur."

"It is," replied D'Almaire: "for the priest now waits to perform the ceremony. Be friendly, Monsieur Batiste, and keep this affair secret a few months until I have broken it to my mother, and all will be well. And be not harsh, I entreat you, towards Lucille, who already suffers much from the restraint upon her open nature, which for the present is unavoidable. You will enter into this plan, monsieur?"

"You say the priest waits," said Batiste, disconsolately; "then my interference would be useless. Before I could inform her father, the deed would be done; I must necessarily become a party to it. Here is my hand, monsieur. I hope I am offering it to one who will not be the means of breaking a father's heart."

"You are giving it to an honest man, monsieur," was the answer, in a proud tone. "I will return to you immediately."

Batiste looked musingly after him.

"I believe you, Monsieur D'Almaire," he said. "You have a soul to do what is right; but you want energy, have too much pride and are guided by your lady mother, who is one of the old nobility, and thinks all beneath her own rank only worth trampling on. Poor Lucille! you will have found it easier to gain the son's heart. The mother's favor will not shine so readily on you. I am sorry my walk was taken this way this morning. But here they come, the bride and groom, and trembling as an aspen's leaf. Ah! so was Madeline on her marriage morning; that is not always a bad omen."

"I will go to the church. She looked neither spoke."

"The priest—already there with his book—increased her tremor."

He was what is there

On entering the church, open at the altar, waiting their priest—

She clung to Jules's arm.

"Courage!" he whispered, leading her forward.

He was what is there

to fear or condemn here? A few words will make us one."

They now stood at the altar. The ceremony commenced. As it proceeded her firmness returned, and she received the benediction of the holy man, and the congratulations of Emile and Batiste on its conclusion with a calm and grateful heart. Indeed, the worst seemed to have passed; she had been wavering the last twenty-four hours between right and wrong, playing the scale to be turned in favor of the former. She had now trust in her hopes that all was for the best, and the arm she had clung to almost helplessly on entering the chapel, she leaned on, on departing from it, with the trustful devotedness of her nature.

The following day the carriage, which had been waiting long at the cottage door of De Vernet—some trifling omission or after-thought keeping the travellers from it—was ordered by D'Almaire to proceed to the orange grove on the skirts of the valley, there to wait till they joined it, every moment being valuable to him while he continued rear his bride, who had promised to accompany them to the other side of Lucille to the church. She looked

neither spoke.

He was what is there

to fear or condemn here? A few words will make us one."

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He was what is there</p

The morning of D'Almaire's departure Lucille hurried to the small wood skirting the premises, and throwing herself on the seat where Jules had obtained her unwilling consent to their union, was indulging freely in the thoughts it had given birth to, when they were interrupted by the rustling of the underwood near her. She look up—Batiste was before her.

"Pardon my intrusion, madame," he said, coming towards her, "but a secret always sits heavily on the mind of Jacques Batiste. The count, I hope, has given permission for its being divulged?"

"No," she replied, confusedly, "there is necessity for longer concealment. A few months, perhaps only weeks; I cannot state, Monsieur Batiste, the exact time, but as anxiously as yourself I trust this reserve will soon pass away."

"I trust so," said Jacques; "for I do not seem like an honest man when before M. de Vernet with the knowledge of his daughter's marriage on my conscience—a knowledge so studiously kept from himself. What, permit me to ask, madame, prevents the count acknowledging it?"

"I cannot enter into particulars now," she replied, "but they are grounded, I feel convinced, on justice and honor; therefore you will stand our friend a little longer, and not make my father unhappy by a premature disclosure which may mar the concerted plans of Monsieur D'Almaire, and cause much unhappiness to myself probably."

"Heaven forbid I should add to your discomfort," said Batiste; "for I have seen plainly that you have never been yourself since the morning you overtook me near the church of St. Mark. I do not like unnecessary delays, but hope it is all right with the count, that he does not already regret that morning's work. There, do not look so pale and woe-begone. I think and hope with you it is all right—that delay may be expedient; but after all the straight road is the easiest. If it is rugged we know its termination, and there's no deception about it. There, you are looking paler than ever. Cheer up! We will both of us look on the sunny side of objects; and whatever may turn up, whether you need him or not, believe that Jacques Batiste will ever stand foremost yours, and your father's firmest friend."

"I know it, I know it!" she uttered, subduing her emotion. "But what have I to fear!—surely not my husband's truth or honor! No, no; I am only unhappy because there is broken faith between my father and myself."

"Ah, it was wilful!" he replied with a sigh. "From such a father, what had you to fear? Even now, I would break through the restraint imposed on me and tell him all."

"Not yet, not yet!" she returned hurriedly. "A higher duty than that to my father sways over me, Batiste. I will submit to it—it will not be for long. Monsieur D'Almaire is noble and generous, and in a few weeks will release you from the silence that weighs so heavily upon you."

"I wish it, madame," said Batiste; "not for myself alone, but for you, whom it afflicts and concerns infinitely more. I will be silent henceforth, until you permit me to speak. But believe and command my friendship whenever you require it."

"Thanks—thanks!" was her reply; but he had hurriedly left her while speaking, and her words fell on the air, and were lost before they could reach him.

* * * * *

A few weeks after, a letter addressed to De Vernet from Madame D'Almaire, gave surprise, not unmixed with pleasure, to the inmates of the cottage. Its contents were merely the following:

"Madame D'Almaire's sincere friendship to Monsieur De Vernet, and entreats him to spare his daughter a few weeks to see the wonders of Paris; he may rest assured that the greatest care will be taken of her. Madame D'Almaire will send a confidential female attendant to guard her during the journey; and her son and daughter, who are desirous for her society, will meet her the second stage from the capital with the family carriage. United commendations from the family circle of Madame D'Almaire to Monsieur and Mademoiselle De Vernet, with hopes that an early day will be named when her visitor may be expected."

There was also a letter from Emile, with an enclosure from Jules to Lucille. D'Almaire's contained but the following few words:

"DEAREST LUCILLE—Come to Paris; I am all impatience to see you, and have much to say. My mother is still in ignorance of our alliance; but when you are with us, and she knows you, we shall have ample opportunity of revealing. Yours, devotedly,

JULES."

Lucille read and re-read this short epistle, with half angry feelings against the writer, that he should wish her to appear before his mother under a name and character she had no longer any right to; her nature revolted at the duplicity of the proceeding, and her first impulse was to war against his wish and remain where she was.

De Vernet would not listen to Lucille's excuses. He had some time felt alarmed by her loss of the animated spirits that had made her so attractive, and at the fleeting color which seldom now rested on her cheeks. He thought she wanted change of scene and air, and was grateful that the countess's invitation would enable her to have both. Accordingly, an early day was fixed for her departure. With a heavy heart she tore herself from her father's arms, and stepping into the carriage the matronly person sent by Madame D'Almaire followed, who soon, by her conversation and her anecdotes, and the praises of the family she had served thirty years, succeeded in diverting her attention from the present to the future.

It was the afternoon of the second day when they arrived at the place of meeting mentioned by the countess. As the tired horses entered the courtyard of the inn, Lucille heard a joyful exclamation; she looked from the window; Jules and Emile, with smiling, welcome faces, were already there. The coach door was opened hastily, and before she was well aware of it, she was in the latter's arms; D'Almaire took her from them, and almost bore her into the hotel, where, unobserved, he could shower upon her the fervor of his affection.

"We will dine here," said D'Almaire, "and at least have a few hours' uninterrupted pleasure and conversation before you are introduced to my mother, who, like a child in expectation of a new toy, is longing to show you to the world she lives in, and the only one she knows."

Lucille readily assented, glad of any excuse to postpone a meeting with a person who, from the recollections of her childhood, was neither amiable nor conciliating.

(To be continued.)

DESTRUCTION OF THE HARPER'S FERRY ARSENAL BY THE FEDERAL TROOPS.

ON Thursday, the 18th of April, this far-famed Arsenal was destroyed by command of the United States Government. After the secession of Virginia it was evident that an attempt would be made to seize this military station, since the small force of Federal troops who held it rendered any attempt to hold it perfectly impossible. This became all the more apparent, since the sentiments of Colonel Barbour, the late Superintendent, were well-known to be strongly in favor of Secession; indeed, he had already demanded that his resignation should be accepted by the Federal Government.

Lieutenant Jones and a small company not exceeding fifty men were in possession, and hearing that a body of Virginians numbering six hundred men were approaching by the Winchester road, for the purpose of seizing the Arsenal, he immediately gave orders to prepare for its destruction, so that they should only possess a mass of ruins. For that purpose he caused piles of powder to be put into a quantity of straw in all the buildings, and then quietly awaited the intelligence which a picket guard he had despatched to watch should bring. It soon returned with the news that the Virginians were advancing, and in a minute the garrison set fire to the outhouses, carpenter's shop and the adjacent buildings. The gallant band, with Lieutenant Jones at their head, then commenced their retreat from the conflagration. The citizens of Harper's Ferry, who were evidently in league with the advancing party, were instantly in arms, and pursued the Federal troops, firing on them as they retreated. Two were killed, and two deserted. The rest reached Hagerstown, having marched all night. Missing the railroad train at Hagerstown, they took possession of some stages, and arrived the next morning at Chambersburg, where they were

hospitably entertained by the citizens, who loudly applauded their conduct.

Lieutenant Jones is a son of the late Adjutant-General Jones, U. S. A. He says as the Federal troops rushed across the Potowmac bridge, at Harper's Ferry, the people rushed into the Arsenal. He believes that large numbers perished by the explosion. Repeated explosions occurred, and he saw a light burning in the buildings for many miles.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS EN ROUTE FOR WASHINGTON.

NEW YORK was a scene of unexampled excitement on Thursday, the 18th of April, for on that day the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Militia arrived in our city, on their way to defend the Federal Capital. To receive them with due honor, Colonel Le Gal, the Commander of the Lafayette regiment, marched up to the New Haven depot, Twenty-seventh street, but owing to some mistake, they were informed they would not arrive for some hours. They consequently marched back to their Armory. About half-past five in the morning the cars came bearing the gallant Bay State regiment. By this time an immense throng had collected, who gave their visitors a most hearty reception. The brave fellows then left the cars, marched down Twenty-seventh street to Fifth avenue, thence to Broadway, through Union square, and then to the Metropolitan Hotel, where four companies took breakfast. Another detachment went to the St. Nicholas, and the remainder repaired to the Astor House. The streets were lined with a dense crowd, which cheered them vociferously.

At half-past eleven o'clock the battalions from the Metropolitan and the St. Nicholas took up their line of march for the Jersey City Ferry, and on arriving at the Astor House were joined by their comrades, and the whole regiment marched to the foot of Cortlandt street, followed by a dense mass of people, who greeted on the way with uninterrupted cheers. They were transported to Jersey City on the new ferryboat John P. Jackson, and were met at the dock by Mayor Van Vorst, of Jersey City, Chief of Police Marinus, and Sheriff Francis, and by an immense crowd of Jersey men and women, who gave them a welcome not less warm than that they had received in this city. Eighteen cars were ready for their reception, in which they embarked as soon as practicable, and at a few minutes past one o'clock the train started for Philadelphia. A hardier-looking or better trained regiment of militia has never visited this city. The following is a list of the companies, with their officers, number of men in each, and where from:

RANK AND FILE.	
Company C, of Stoneham, Capt. John H. Dyke	79
Company A, of Middlesex, Capt. J. A. Lawdell	67
Company D, of Lowell, Capt. J. W. Hart	55
Company C, of Lowell, Mechanic Phalanx, Capt. Albert S. Follansbee	57
Company I, of Lawrence, Capt. John Pickering	65
Company E, of Acton, Capt. Daniel Tuthill	46
Company H, of Lowell, J. F. Noyes, Lieut. Com.	53
Company F, of Lawrence, Capt. P. F. Chadbourne	63
Company B, of South Groton Junction, Capt. S. Clark	93
Company B, of Worcester, Light Infantry, Capt. H. W. Pratt	93
Company C, of Boston, First Regiment, Capt. H. S. Sampson	67
Total	738

In addition, there are members who have either previously left or are yet to arrive, the full complement of the regiment being eight hundred men. They arrived at Philadelphia about eight o'clock, and took supper at the Continental and Girard. Their reception in Philadelphia was equally enthusiastic with that of New York.

ATTACK UPON THE SIXTH REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS BY THE PEOPLE OF BALTIMORE.

At noon on the 19th instant the city was startled by a telegram stating that the Baltimoreans had disputed the passage of the regiment, and that a bloody fight had taken place, resulting in a considerable loss of life. Such a report naturally caused great uneasiness, as an obstruction in Baltimore closed up the direct avenue to Washington, and much delay must necessarily ensue in reinforcing the Federal Capital. Confirmation of the news speedily arrived, and the details of the short sharp fight in the streets we give below. It was supposed that the Philadelphia troops and the Seventh Regiment would have to fight their way through Baltimore, but the burning of the railroad bridges prevented their going through by rail, and saved, in all probability, hundreds of valuable lives.

We have, in another column, described the departure from New York and the arrival in Philadelphia of the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. We will take up their march from the time they arrived in Baltimore.

The Fight in the Streets of Baltimore.

The Massachusetts regiment occupied eleven cars, and arrived safely and in excellent spirits at Baltimore. There was no demonstration made upon their arrival, and the cars were permitted to leave the depot with the troops still on board. The cars proceeded quietly through the streets of Baltimore on their way to the depot, at the other side of the town, and the fears expressed by some of the citizens that an attack would be made were somewhat allayed. But they had not proceeded more than a couple of blocks before the crowd became so dense that the horses attached to each car were scarcely able to push their way through.

At this point the mob began hooting and yelling frightfully, and loud threats were uttered against the military. The troops, however, maintained a strict reserve, neither showing themselves nor replying to the insults so plentifully heaped upon them. The crowd finding that they could not thus exasperate the volunteers, commenced throwing stones, brickbats, and other missiles, and eventually tearing up the pavements and hurling them in a perfect shower against the cars, smashing the windows and severely wounding many of the troops. However, the first nine cars succeeded in reaching the depot and departed for Washington.

The remaining two cars of the train, containing about one hundred men, were cut off from the main body, and the men found themselves encompassed by an infuriated mob of over eight thousand. These isolated cars were immediately attacked, and several of the soldiers had their muskets snatched from them. At this moment news came that the Philadelphia Volunteers had arrived, and the report excited the mob to a fearful degree.

The Massachusetts men, finding the cars untenable, alighted and formed a solid square, advancing with fixed bayonets upon all sides in double quick time, all the while surrounded by the mob—now swelled to the number of at least ten thousand—yelling and hooting. The military behaved admirably, and still abstained from firing upon their assailants.

The mob now commenced throwing a perfect shower of missiles, occasionally varied by a random shot from a revolver or

one of the muskets taken from the soldiers. The poor fellows suffered severely from the immense quantity of stones, oysters, brickbats, paving-stones, &c., the shots fired also wounding several. When two of the soldiers had been killed, and the wounded had been conveyed to the centre of the column, the troops at last, exasperated and maddened by the treatment they had received, commenced returning the fire singly, killing several, and wounding a large number of the rioters; but at no one time did a single platoon fire in a volley. Our informant is positive upon this point.

The volunteers, after a protracted and severe struggle, at last succeeded in reaching the depot, bearing with them in triumph their killed and wounded, and immediately embarked. The scene is described in glowing terms by our informant, who says that the calm courage and heroic bearing of the troops spoke volumes for the sons of Massachusetts, who, though marching under a fire of the most embarrassing description, and opposed to overwhelming odds, nevertheless succeeded in accomplishing their purpose, and effected a passage through crowded streets a distance of over a mile—a feat not easily accomplished by a body of less than one hundred men when opposed to such terrific odds.

Foreign News.

England.—Owing to the Easter Holidays, there is nothing of any Parliamentary interest to record, and as the secrets of diplomacy generally coze out through that channel, there is little to record beyond the current rumors of the day. A great change seems to have taken place in English sentiment towards the Southern Confederacy, since Lord Palmerston has declared it would be an outrage to the civilization of the world to recognize a Government which was based upon slavery; and when reminded that one of the earliest acts of the Congress at Montgomery was to abolish the African Slave Trade for ever, the jaunty Premier said that he considered that as a mere blind to conciliate England and France.

France.—War seems to be in the ascendant. The Marshals have been summoned to meet the Emperor at a grand council, and this is considered as sure evidence of an approaching campaign. The antagonism between Louis Napoleon and the Roman Catholic clergy of the ultramontane gender still continues, and it is said that the Empress is so much under the influence of that extreme party as to seriously embitter the domestic life of the illustrious pair. There is also a rumor that a pamphlet by the irrepressible La Guerronière is on the point of publication, entitled "Turkey and the Emperor." It is also stated that in this will appear a solution of the Italian difficulty. It is suggested that Austria will give up Venetia, in consideration of receiving a territorial equivalent out of the proceeds of the Sick Man. There are certain provinces now forming part of the Ottoman empire which would constitute Austria as a more effectual barrier to Russia than she now is, while England might be induced to give her consent to the scheme by the bribe of Egypt; France to have Syria for her share. How far England, who has hitherto pursued a policy which preferred making Russia a terror to Europe, rather than a menace to her Indian empire, will assist such a policy remains to be seen. It is very clear that, if she has Egypt, she need fear nothing from Syria being a dependency of France.

Italy.—Everything breathes war. Garibaldi is in the field, and has daily interviews with Victor Emanuel and Cavour. The discontent in Hungary becomes more and more chronic, and, from his past declarations and his present actions, it is not difficult to predicate what his future conduct will be. These demonstrations against Austria, however, may be merely meant as arguments to bring that stolid power to listen to the propositions of France, as shadowed forth in the pamphlet we have already mentioned. It seems certain that Count Rechberg, the Austrian premier, and the French ambassador at Vienna, have had many interviews upon the *exsata questio* of the day.

Havana.—The dates are to the 15th. The great topic there is the occupation of San Domingo, and the excitement caused by the constant departure of war steamers and transports with troops, field artillery, military stores and munitions of war, is very great. Prince Alfred has postponed his visit in consequence of the death of the Duchess of Kent.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

③ Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We have to request the indulgence of our numerous correspondents until our next number.

BERGER'S MOVEMENTS.—We have received a letter from M. Berger, dated 7th April, 1861. He had been confined to his bed for nearly two weeks, so that he had been able to devote only ten days to billiard operations. He is much pleased with the reception he met with at Havana. He had given three exhibitions at the Captain-General's castle, and had received a present of a breakfast from Marshal Servano and his lady. He had also given three exhibitions at the Club or Cercle des Toradores. Previous engagements obliged M. Berger to be in New Orleans by the 15th April, when he was to have left on the 7th by the Bienville. He proposes to leave New Orleans about the 15th May, and Mr. Phelan will meet him at St. Louis or Cincinnati, if his business arrangements will admit of it.

THAT KNOTTY QUESTION.—We again submit the question given in No. 282, and invite the solution of it. We have already received numerous decisions, with the reasons on which they are founded, but being unable to give them all in full, we append a synopsis of a few:

Mr. A., B. and C. play a game of 100 points at billiards—a three-handed game. A. gives 20 points. A. and C. play even, and B. and C. play even. C. beats B. for 130 points. The price of A. beats C., and C. makes 100 points before B. Who is to pay for the game?"

Mr. B.—argues that A. beats B. for 130 points, A. is responsible for seventeen cents and B. for thirteen cents. The game being thirty cents, A. beats C., and C. beats B., and C. loses to B. B. loses to C., and C. loses to A. Having made 130 points, A. beats C., and C. makes 100 points before B. Who is to pay for the game?"

Mr. C.—argues that A., having been beaten by B., loses one-third of the game, and A. having beaten C., and C. having beaten B., B. pays the balance—that is, A. pays ten cents, and B. pays twenty cents.

Mr. D.—argues that the game being an extraordinary one, and one not in accordance with the rules of billiards, must be decided on its intrinsic merits. This is: In the first place, it was the natural expectation and intention of the parties to play, that but one should be the loser, or, in other words, that there should be two winners and one loser, and that the loser should pay for the game; therefore, as A. beats C., and B. beats A., and C. beats B., A. loses to B., B. loses to C., and C. loses to A. Having made 130 points, A. beats C., and C. makes 100 points before B. Who is to pay for the game?"

Mr. E.—argues that A., having been beaten by B., loses one-third of the game, and A. having beaten C., and C. having beaten B., B. pays the balance—that is, A. pays ten cents, and B. pays twenty cents.

Mr. F.—argues that the game being an extraordinary one, and one not in accordance with the rules of billiards, must be decided on its intrinsic merits. This is: In the first place, it was the natural expectation and intention of the parties to play, that but one should be the loser, or, in other words, that there should be two winners and one loser, and that the loser should pay for the game; therefore, as A. beats C., and B. beats A., and C. beats B., A. loses to B., B. loses to C., and C. loses to A. Having made 130 points, A. beats C., and C



THE SIXTH REGIMENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS FIRING INTO THE PEOPLE IN PRATT STREET, W



WHILE ATTEMPTING TO PASS THROUGH BALTIMORE, *EN ROUTE* FOR WASHINGTON, APRIL 19, 1861.—SEE PAGE 375.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLVI.—CONTINUED.

For some time Lady Kingswood had persistently refused to see him alone. Her conversation with him had been of the most compulsory nature, engaged in only in the presence of others and in reply to direct questions. He had tried several times to break through this most vexatious line of conduct which she had adopted, but without success, and now, after the proceedings of this night, and the language she had used to him in the presence of a menial, he determined to speak to her. If she wished to have an interview with him, she should send such a request to him.

He made no inquiries respecting her or Lady Maud on the following day, but at the end of the week, by Pharisee, he learnt that Lady Kingswood, Lady Maud and Cyril had departed from the mansion for Brighton, under the advice of an eminent physician who had been called in to attend Lady Maud in a sudden attack of illness.

Lord Kingswood bit his lip, turned white, recalled Lady Kingswood's words and curse, drew a deep breath, but he made no reply.

Pharisee made no comment. He looked haggard and ill at ease. He had suddenly appeared before Lord Kingswood the evening after the incident in the picture-gallery, and informed his lordship that he had been unable to obtain an interview with old Penreep, and should be in no position for some time to come to obtain any further information respecting Erle or his companion, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase.

In the frame of mind in which Lord Kingswood then happened to be the communication did not affect him—he merely waved his hand, and said it mattered not. So Pharisee quietly fell into the resumption of his old duties again.

A physiognomist would, however, after a perusal of his features, have declared that there was some deadly purpose lurking in that man's mind.

In the mansion of Horace Vernon, scarcely more than a stone's throw from Lord Kingswood's residence, there were events occurring which were hardly of a less stirring nature, to one being at least.

Erle, after the extraordinary confession which had so unexpectedly fallen from the lips of Beatrice Stanhope, felt like one who had been suddenly aroused out of a trance only to be hurried into a region of wild, chaotic confusion.

He sent, as he had promised, a medical gentil man to attend Beatrice—a circumstance which, as she quickly recovered, and found Erle had departed abruptly, was singularly annoying to her—and he hurried home, sought his own chamber, and there, in a state of bewilderment, went over the whole scene which he had just enacted with Beatrice.

He questioned himself closely as to the manner in which he had acted to her so as to create the passion of love within her breast, and after a searching examination, he felt sure that she had wholly misconceived his actions, words, and looks. The regard he entertained for her was purely one of friendship, and could never be anything else; and he saw in a moment that he must not even indulge in this sentiment, so far as it was likely to bring them into each other's society again, as by such a step he would only be increasing the evil it was his duty at once to stop.

But how to stop it! He shrank from writing to her; he was a novice in affairs of the heart, he only knew that he himself loved, and that words of any kind addressed to him, telling him that his love was and must be hopeless, would pierce his breast with the bitterest and most poignant grief; and how could he indite words to her every one of which would be like an arrow in her heart!

One, to meet her and be silent on what had transpired would be wholly impossible. If he kept her in ignorance as to the real state of his feelings towards her, and acted as kindly to her as heretofore, he would only be fostering and encouraging the attachment which she had so unexpectedly confessed. To behave coldly and indifferently he could not, and to inform her that he was sorry that she should have fallen in love with him, as he could not return it, was a piece of cruelty to the performance of which he did not feel equal. There was but one plan, and that was to endeavor, as far as possible, to avoid her presence, without appearing to do so intentionally, to absent himself from home when she was expected to visit Violet, and to carefully keep away from receptions and places in which they were likely to come in contact.

Such an absence, apparently accidental, but persisted in, would no doubt be understood by her, and would induce her to turn her thoughts elsewhere. She had many admirers—that Erle knew—and in their adulations and ardent attentions he hoped that she would forget that he had ever existed.

Having decided upon this course, he proceeded to put it into execution, and consequently was absent much from home, and from those places, indeed, at which Ishmael especially requested him to appear.

Ishmael at length noticed this, and likewise that Beatrice Stanhope no longer visited them. She had been so constant in coming to see Violet, that her absence was conspicuous, not that Violet made any remark about it, for she seemed to have some cherished subject of thought which rendered her more cheerful than she had hitherto been, especially when alone. She was not averse to Beatrice's society, because she loved to hear her, being an accomplished musician, play upon the pianoforte. Those performances were lessons to her even more valuable than those she continued to receive from an exceedingly clever mistress, and as she had conceived a passionate fondness for music, the society of any one who could minister to it was pleasing.

Beatrice had devoted so much of her conversation to Erle when he was with them, that she could hardly be a companion whom Violet would miss; therefore, her continued absence elicited no remark from her; while the continued presence of Carlton, though contrasting strongly with the sudden withdrawal of Beatrice, was equally subject to no observation. In fact, it was a relief to Violet when Carlton sat by her side and talked to her; it enabled her to think without attracting the attention of those in company.

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Her eyes kindled as they met his, her pale cheek flushed, a faint smile curled her lip, and then her face became as white as death again.

A moment, and they were gone—a moment, and all the faces vivid in his eyes an instant previously had disappeared.

Even so unto the eyes of Violet, for she caught sight of Cyril Kingswood, who was on horseback, absorbed in thought, and did not see her. She would have attracted his attention, but she knew not how, and before even she could make a gesture which might have the effect of making him turn his eyes upon her, Ishmael rode slightly in advance of her, then dropped to her side, and Cyril was gone, unknowing how near he had once more been to her.

During the ride they met no more, although both Erle and Violet so much wished to have again encountered them. A glance of recognition alone would have made Violet happy, but it was not to be, and they returned home to dinner with their wishes ungratified.

Violet, however, hoped that she might yet have the happiness of seeing Cyril once again, even though she should be unable to interchange a word with him. Her sitting-room window looked out into the esplanade and roadway, and as soon as she was alone she watched at it, but watched in vain, until deep night set in, and she could no longer recognise one form from another.

But soon after dawn she was again at her window watching—watching with an intensity of hopefulness that he would appear. It would be such joy to her to see him, and his eyes might fall once again on her face, and beam as radiantly upon her as they had of old, and even if they did this she could wait in patience and resignation for the time to come when they should meet to be no more parted on earth.

And even while such pleasing, hopeful, tender thoughts were passing through her brain, she saw Cyril before her eyes, standing on the pathway, gazing seaward, motionless and abstracted.

She did not think.

She caught up her walking attire, donned it hastily, and within a minute she stood by his side.

"Cyril," she murmured.

He turned, and his astonished eyes fell upon her white, excited face.

"Violet!" he exclaimed, with a wild, passionate cry.

He seized her hands and pressed them to his lips.

Then a cry of agony burst from him. He flung her hands down:

"No—no—no," he exclaimed, with a terrible shudder, "no, it must not be—it cannot be—I dare not see you more. No, we part for ever! Oh, horror! Oh, death! for ever and ever!"

Tossing his hands madly up, he darted from the spot, leaving Violet standing paralysed.

A shadow came before her—a voice sounded in her ears—

"Thus I have told you."

But she seemed to know, feel, hear nothing. All power of thought, sight, volition seemed to have left her, and she was borne back to her chamber, inanimate and unconscious, by Ishmael.

(To be continued.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. JOCELYN has presented to the Central Park a magnificent live eagle, which was captured in Northern New York in the act of carrying off a goose. Becoming entangled in some brushwood and being attacked by a dog, the bird threw himself upon his back, and with talons, beak and wings, made a most gallant resistance, until he was finally rescued by a party of American citizens. Let us hope this will prove a happy omen in the present struggle.

The frequency of stabbing cases in drinking saloons renders some legislative action necessary to control these murder manufactories. We have had five of these affairs in ten days. Joseph Justa, the Italian, who was stabbed on Wednesday evening, the 17th, in Baxter street, by another Italian, sixty-three years of age, named Joseph George, died on the 19th, in the New York Hospital. The parties, it appears, quarrelled at the house No. 19 Baxter street, and proceeded to the sidewalk for a fight. Here Justa bared a brickbat at George, who retaliated by stabbing him twice with a large dagger, once in the hand, and then in the breast. The latter wound, which was deep, proved fatal. George, who was arrested at the time, is still in prison, and awaits the result of a coroner's inquest, which will be held to-day. The police report both as having been bad men, and state that they have served several terms in State Prison.

MR. NOTRECK, the Russian Consul-General, was killed, on Thursday morning, by being thrown from his horse, near Forty-ninth street and Broadway. He was with his wife, on horseback, in the Central Park about nine o'clock, when his animal took fright and ran off towards Bloomingdale. On reaching Forty-ninth street he was thrown from his head, and when taken up was quite dead.

MR. J. C. HEENAN has been tried for stealing a small quantity of snuff. Much merriment was occasioned in court on account of the similarity of name to our great champion. We are happy to add, for the honor of the name, that the snuffaker was acquitted.

We cannot tell whether it is a *ruse* to keep our streets dirty for another month or not, but Mr. Hackley, the contractor to clean them, has been sent to jail for fifty days, for refusing to answer a question. It is so suggestive that we quote the proceedings: "What did you do with the \$46,000 which you received from Thomas Hope on the 11th of February for the purposes of the street-cleaning contract?" To which the witness answered, "In the absence of counsel, unprepared as I am, my answer might furnish a link in the chain, or lead to some evidence that would criminate me in some way." The question was again repeated in open court, and as the witness still refused to answer, Recorder Hoffman adjudged him guilty of contempt and ordered his commitment to the County Jail for thirty days.

The frequency of suicide among married women, occasioned by domestic difficulties, is becoming quite a noticeable feature in our Bills of Mortality. Four married women last week poisoned themselves on that account. Coroner Schirmer held an inquest on Friday at No. 260 East Houston-street, upon the body of Anna Loeffler, a German woman, 23 years of age, who poisoned herself by taking oil of bitter almonds. She had lived unhappily with her husband for some time, and yesterday morning some words passed between them, when he accused her of being false to her marriage vows. She immedately repaired to another room and drank the oil on, then called to her husband to know if she should take the life of her child also. He ran to the room and took the baby away, after which he called a physician, but the poison was too rapid in its effects, and she was a corpse in fifteen minutes. A verdict was rendered in accordance with the facts.

A terrible catastrophe happened at the Buchanan Wells, near Erie, N. Y., in the oil regions, where the gas from a spouting well took fire and exploded, killing seven men. Among them was Mr. Rouse, an ex-member of the Legislature. The Buchanan Farm, on which over one hundred wells are yielding oil, is now in flames, as all the wells are now on fire. The loss in oil, derricks, &c., is immense.

The Boston Transcript of the 15th says: "On Tuesday morning, as a mother with her child, a boy about three years of age, was crossing the P. S. and P. railroad bridge at Portland, the little fellow became unruly and refused to proceed. In the efforts of the mother to compel him to go along, she lost her foot on the bridge and fell into the water, drawing the child with her. An alarm was given by a person who witnessed the affair, and the workmen in the Kerosene works hastened to the rescue. The mother was saved, but the child was drowned."

At Chicago, the other day, three ladies called to take tea at a boarding-house, bringing with them their three babies, all very much alike. While the mothers were at tea, the unsuspecting innocents were left lying upon a bed, and a couple of waggish young men of the house improved the occasion to slip in and change the clothing of the babies. When the mothers departed for their respective abodes at night, they selected their peculiar babies by the clothing, and great was the trouble which ensued, and it is not settled, for two of the mothers cannot be certain that they have got the right babies yet, and are troubled with tormenting doubts. The young men should not have done this.

On the afternoon of the 19th, Barney McLaughlin, a pedlar, went into Krepel's lager beer saloon for the purpose of selling some sand, when he was ordered out by Krepel out of the place, but as he was rather dilatory in doing so, he drew a revolver and discharged two shots at him. The balls both took effect in the face of McLaughlin, one passing through his cheek, the other lodging in the cheek. Sergeant Jourdan of the Sixth Ward promptly arrested Krepel, and he was locked up by Justice Kelly for examination. He disclaims any intention to shoot the young man, and states that it was merely in sport that he pointed the pistol at him; McLaughlin, however, is positive that he fired intentionally. The occurrence was witnessed by several persons, whose testimony will be taken. McLaughlin was taken to the New York Hospital, and his injuries are not considered to be of a dangerous character.

COLLECTOR BARNEY has declined to grant any clearances to ports of the Seceded States. This is, of course, inevitable upon the President's proclamation of blockade.

It is very generally believed that the French and English Ambassadors at Washington have assured Mr. Seward that President Lincoln has the best wishes of their respective Governments.

A ROMANCE ABOUT A RUSSIAN PRINCE AND A BEAUTIFUL GIPSY GIRL.

A very youthful scion of the Imperial family being one day on an *escapade* from the Imperial palace, had engaged youthful comrades on the island of —, in order to see the popular fair which annually takes place on the island —.

soup and tempting kvass, from the whirligigs and skittles, and all the other edifying games, to the very depths of the pine wood which adorns the back of the island, and, at a moment like this, becomes entirely deserted.

The young prince walked in among the solitary paths of the wood for a long time without meeting a soul, and, feeling weary, threw himself down upon the grass beside one of the little running streams with which the island is intersected in every direction. He had not lain long in this position, when he was aroused from the reverie into which the hour and the silence and the solitude had plunged him, by the most heavenly voice he had ever heard, although he had been permitted to frequent the opera during the whole of last winter, and had listened to Bosio, Albini and even Mario without the smallest emotion. The hour of his fate was come; for, on rising to ascertain whence these angelic sounds proceeded, he came suddenly upon the figure of the angelic being who had uttered them. The companions of his Imperial Highness are rude enough to say that the angel in question was rather—the least in the world—in need of a dip into the little stream by which she was seated, singing a wild strain to her little uncouth imitation of a guitar, in order to bring out the beauties which lay hid behind the mask, which much travel and the great heat of the journey had placed upon her exquisite features. But in this case, so far from being blind, the little imp, Cupid, enabled the prince's eye to penetrate beneath this crust to the miraculous beauties which lay beneath, and in an instant his heart, and soul, and mind, and, indeed, his whole being, were full to the brim of love! No more study, no more obedience, nor Euclid, nor grammar, nor geometry for him! All such useless pursuits were to be thrown at once to the winds, and his whole life was henceforth to be devoted to the one and sole serious object worth living for, that of following to the end of the world this exquisitely beautiful, though half-naked maiden belonging to the gipsy tribe which had bivouacked in the pine wood of the island. Nor was the young prince over hasty in his avowal of this wise and noble resolution; for, when the father of the girl came back from the fair laden with sausages and rotten cabbage for the savory evening meal, he found the handsome, aristocratic-looking young stranger seated cosily side by side with his child, and entertaining her imagination with a lively description of the pearls and diamonds, the gold and silver with which his mother and his aunt were accustomed to adorn themselves, and which should most assuredly be shared by her, if she would only consent to let him accompany her over the universe.

The father was, however, fortunately of a prudent disposition. He beheld at once the folly of encouraging any wild freak of the kind, and perceiving, by instinct, that the youth must belong to some great family of the city, resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and assist in restoring the lad to reason. This resolution was soon accomplished. The comrades of the prince, terrified beyond expression at his disappearance, had sought out the tutor and confessed to him. The island had been searched, and the young delinquent soon found and given up, with the most unfeeling cruelty, by the gipsy father, and a few hours saw the Imperial adventurer snugly lodged in his own study, looking out upon the Neva, in one of the finest of the Imperial residences of St. Petersburg. Quiet was outwardly restored, but the tumult of the young heart was no more to be quieted. Love had taught the young prince a lesson of wisdom, however. He owned his feelings to no one, but on the first opportunity he again broke loose from all control, and was absent for three days, being found and restored by the merest accident. The frequent repetition of the same event, in spite of all the watching, has induced the Grand Duke, his father, to consent to his travelling for a while. And the young gipsy girl, who has been taken under the especial patronage of the Imperial family, after having been admitted to the public dancing school of St. Petersburg, is about to make her debut in Paris. They say that her talent as a dancer is nought, and that, having lost her voice entirely, the angelic strains of the pine wood have grown hoarse and unbearable, so that the first hope entertained by the Grand Duchess, her especial patroness, of her becoming a singer has been disappointed. But while no expectation is entertained of her becoming celebrated as a dancer, yet so remarkable is her beauty, that her fame has already filled the *couloises* of the opera, and the greatest curiosity is experienced concerning her. Count Orlcif, the most respected judge of female beauty in the fashionable world, declares her to be perfection, but is strongly against her appearance so early as in May, according to the engagement entered into by the manager of the opera. In Paris, although beauty may be certainly a great element of success, it is not all—some degree of talent is necessary.

Meanwhile, what may be, the ultimate intention of the Imperial family with regard to this miracle of loveliness, still remains a secret.

The Russians declare that no sooner will she have made her debut than Russian nobleman will fall so desperately in love with her that he will lay his name and fortune at her feet, and that he will immediately afterwards carry her far away to his castle in Bessarabia, where she will remain, while the young prince travels everywhere but in that direction. The name of the nobleman is already current among the Russian society of Paris, the exact amount of his debts known, and the figure of the Grand Duke's generosity ascertained to a fraction. For it is thus, without noise or scandal, rendering all parties content and offending none, that these things are managed in Russia.

EXTRAORDINARY SELF-SACRIFICE BY A CHINESE WIDOW.

A HONG-KONG paper contains the following account by an eyewitness of a voluntary sacrifice of life by a disconsolate widow:

"A few days since I met a Chinese procession passing through the foreign settlement, escorting a young female in scarlet and gold, in a richly decorated chair, the object of which I was to invite the public to come and see her hang herself, a step she had resolved to take in consequence of the death of her husband, by which she had been left a childless widow. Both being orphans, this event had severed her dearest earthly ties, and she hoped by this sacrifice to secure to herself eternal happiness, and a meeting with her husband in the next world. I repaired on the day appointed to the indicated spot. We had scarcely arrived when the same procession was seen advancing from the joss-house of the widow's native village towards a scaffold and gallows erected in an adjacent field, and surrounded by hundreds of natives of both sexes. The female portion, attired in their gayest holiday costume, were very numerous. The procession having reached the foot of the scaffold, the lady was assisted to ascend by her male attendant, and, after having welcomed the crowd, partook with some female relations of a repast prepared for her at a table on the scaffold, which she appeared to appreciate extremely. A child in arms was then placed upon the table, which she caressed and adorned with a necklace which she had worn herself; she then took an ornamental basket containing rice, herbs and flowers, and, whilst scattering them amongst the crowd, delivered a short address thanking them for their attendance, and upholding the motives which urged her to the step she was about to take.

"This done, a salute of three bombs announced the arrival of the time for the performance of the last act of her existence, when a delay was occasioned by the discovery of the absence of a reluctant brother, pending whose arrival let me describe the means of extermination.

"The gallows was formed by an upright timber on each side of the scaffold supporting a stout bamboo, from the centre of which was suspended a loop of red cord, with a small wooden ring embracing both parts of it, which was covered by a red silk handkerchief, the whole lining being surmounted by an awning. The missing brother having been induced to appear, the widow now proceeded to mount on a chair placed under the noose, and, to ascertain its fitness for her reception, deliberately placed her head in it; then, withdrawing her head, she waved a final adieu to the admiring spectators and committed herself to its embrace for the last time, throwing the red handkerchief over her head. Her supports were now about to be withdrawn, when she was reminded by several voices from the crowd that she had omitted to draw down the ring which should tighten the cord round her neck. Smiling an acknowledgment of the reminder, she adjusted the ring, and, motioning away her supports, was left hanging in mid-air—a suicide. With extraordinary self-possession she now placed her hands together before her, and continued to perform the manual chin-chins until the convulsions of strangulation separated them, and she was dead.

body was left hanging about half an hour, and then taken to the scaffold, one of whom immediately took possession of it, and was about to sever it, for the purpose of

when a struggle ensued. This is the third

within as many weeks. The author

and a monument is invariably

HUMOROUS CLEANINGS.

You never hear one woman invite another woman out to dinner, any more than you ever hear one man ask another to come and take tea with him. No! it would seem that women's hearts are too soft and tender over the tea-cup, and that men's souls are too open to each other with the tea-cloth. Who is there to explain it? It takes several knives and forks to dig into a man's secret nature, whereas the simple key of the tea-cup will unlock a woman's breast at any time.

The following unique valentine was received by a lady:

"soft is the down on the butterfly's wing

"it is soft and meek

"soft is the vey that my tru luv does sing

"But softer yet is her crimson cheek."

The following is the lady's reply:

"Soft is tatters all smash'd up,

"As soft as smash can be;

"But softer yet is the silly swain

"Who wrote that verse to me."

To get a duck for dinner. Jump into the river.

MAN is an animal, so is a hog. It is a bad rule that won't work both ways therefore, man is a hog.

JO-ATRAN: "Hallo, neighbor, what be ye gwoyn tew dew with that air keownide?"

ZOK: "Whoy, I've got a tarnation cretur of a boley what forgets to go to skule, and I want to jog his mem'ry."

A YOUNGSTER from the country was walking along, and upon seeing a lawyer's office, walked in and inquired,

"What do you keep to sell here?"

"Blockheads," replied the lawyer.

"Pretty good business," said the chap; "I see you've got only one left."

"John," said a quaker to a young friend, "I hear that thou art going to be married."

"Yes," replied John, "I am."

"Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never to marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife I was worth just fifty shillings and she was worth sixty-two; and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown the odd shilling in my face."

A WOMAN putting your room to rights—just after you have been arranging everything to your satisfaction, and elaborately assorting your papers with such methodical care that you could put your finger upon each separate one in the dark—that is what I call chaos. Men are not more awkward in handling women's babies than women are in handling men's papers. The mischief and damage, and endless annoyance of spirit, and thorough disturbance of temper for the rest of the day that are engendered by the latter practice, surpasses all belief.

SPEAKING of errors of the press, Mr. Pycroft relates, in his "Ways and Words of Men in Letters," a conversation he had with a printer.

"Really," said the printer, "gentlemen should not place such unlimited confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blind reader of proofs; for I am ashamed to say that we utterly ruined one poet through a ludicrous misprint."

"Indeed! and what was the unhappy line?"

"Why, sir, the poet intended to say,

"See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire;"

instead of which we made him say, "See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire." Of course the reviewers made the most of a blunder so entertaining to their readers, and the poor gentleman was never heard of more in the field of literature."

How they must shudder, they who are wont to order jugged hare in the Paris restaurants, when they read the subjoined:

An elderly married female, of the name of Piot, and a well-dressed man appeared, three days ago, before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Lyons, and the former, with tears, said,



THE NIGHT GUARD OF BOATS ON CHARLESTON BAR DURING THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMPTER, TO PREVENT REINFORCEMENTS BEING SENT TO MAJOR ANDERSON, APRIL 12TH, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ON MORUS ISLAND

GUARD BOATS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR
On the Night of the 12th of April, intended to intercept Reinforcements for Major Anderson. GENERAL BEAUREGARD proved himself an able commander, and showed that, beside thorough understanding, the strategy of war, he possessed caution and prudence. The object of the bombardment was to reduce the fort before assistance could arrive, as should the expected reinforcements reach their destination, the defense of the position might be both protracted and bloody. To defeat the proposed reinforcement therefore was the one object of General Beauregard, and the vigor and perseverance of the first day's siege gave evidence of his determination to carry out his plan if possible.

When night closed in his vigilance did not sleep. The expected assistance could only arrive by boats, and although the glare from the shells which were poured into Fort Sumpter lit up the murky sky continually, the darkness was such that boats right slip past unseen. To prevent

this manoeuvre a small fleet of boats cruised about the harbor all the night. The effect was picturesque and beautiful, as the boats rising and falling with the motion of the waves caused the flashing torches held by the men to dance in weird motion.

DEPARTURE OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT FOR WASHINGTON.

Early on the morning of Friday, the 19th, the day appointed for the departure of the regiment, there was an extraordinary excitement in the city. Windows along the whole line of march were taken possession of, and groups of people accumulated on the stoops of houses and at the corners of every street. By three o'clock in the afternoon the Broadway was densely crowded from Fourth street down to Wall street, and from Cortlandt street to the ferry the regiment had to force its way almost in single file, so dense was the mass of people assembled.

The regiment formed in Lafayette place, which was also

filled to its uttermost capacity, every window and balcony being crowded with ladies waving handkerchiefs, scarfs and

flags. As company after company moved on deafening and bowed, the shout was renewed again and again. cheers arose, continuing until the last file had turned into Broadway, when a rush was made to catch another last look at the gallant fellows. But the new comers had little chance, for a solid mass of living bodies interwoven. The march down Broadway was the most triumphant of the day. The familiar greetings of friends, the waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and flags from the crowd, the door-stoops, the windows, the roofs, and the with snow-white hair rushed in front of the staff and cried out, "God bless you, boys! God bless you, boys! Do your duty—fight for your flag! Bring them all back, Colonel, every one of them. They won't let me shake hands with you, but God bless you, boys!"

This little incident produced an intense sensation, and

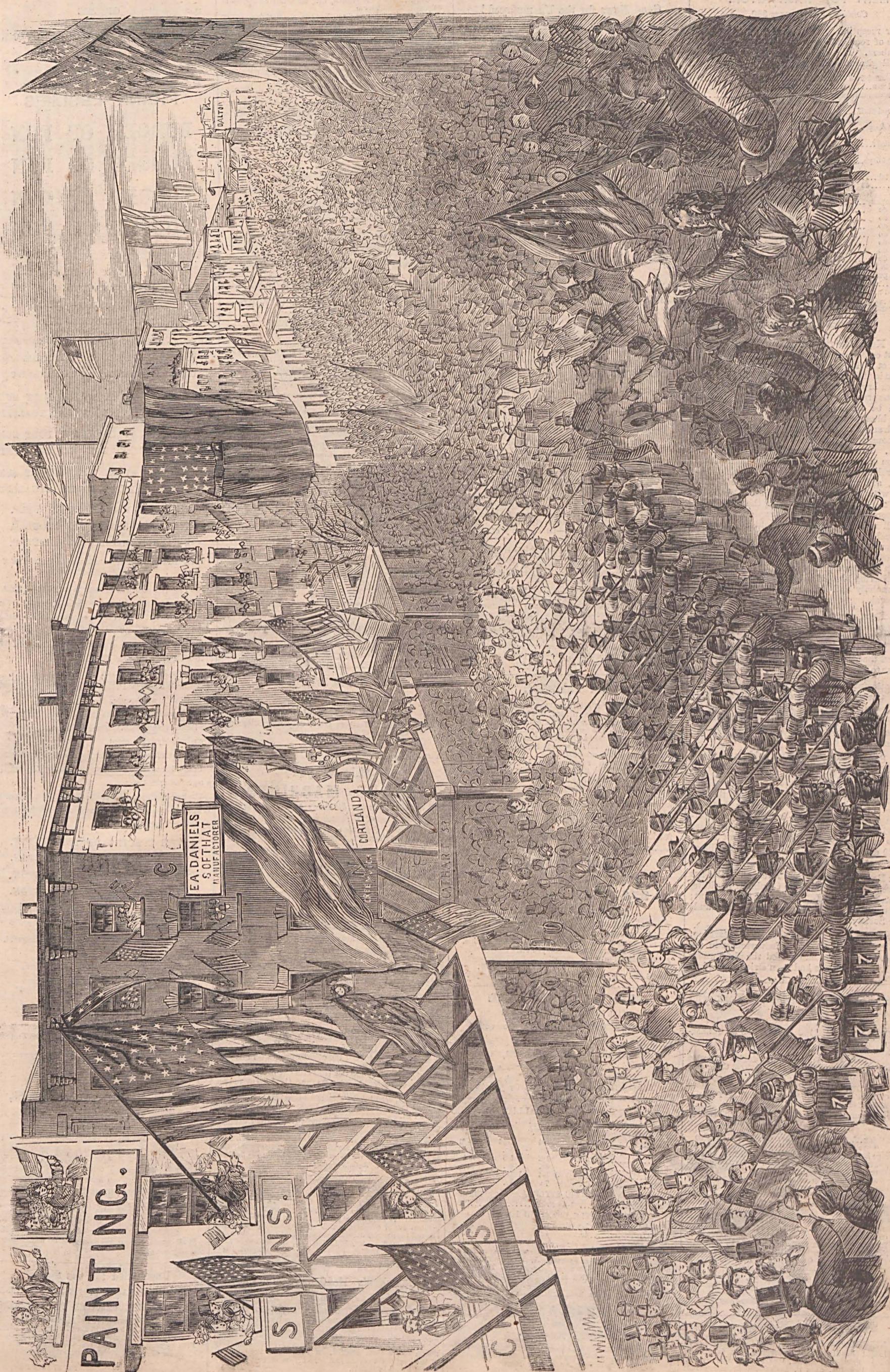
the revilers of his honorable fame ought to have

heard.

Continued on page 332.

"God bless you, boys!" was caught up by ten thousand lips. At last they reached the ferry, and as they left the wharf cheer answering cheer burst forth in tones of thunder, while the chimes of old Trinity pealed forth "Yankee Doodle." Major, and when, in response, he raised his military cap

Major, and when, in response, he raised his military cap



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-ONE STRONG, PASSING DOWN CORTLAND STREET, ON THEIR WAY TO THE PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD, EN ROUTE FOR THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, APRIL 19th, 1861.

DEPARTURE OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT FOR WASHINGTON.

Continued from page 380.

Their reception in New Jersey and all along the line of route was equal in enthusiasm, if not in numbers. The following shows the strength of the Regiment and its officers:

Commissioned Staff Officers.....	11
Field Officers.....	2
Non-commissioned Staff Officers.....	8
Total Staff.....	21
Artillery Corps.....	54 2 5
Total.....	61
Engineer Corps.....	25 2 2
Total.....	29
Band.....	40
Drum Corps.....	12
Total.....	52
Men. Officers. Sergeants. Total.	Men. Officers. Sergeants. Total.
First Company.....	63 5 4 72
Second do.....	100 8 5 108
Third do.....	70 3 5 78
Fourth do.....	82 5 5 82
Fifth do.....	54 3 4 61
Sixth do.....	80 5 5 90
Seventh do.....	60 1 5 66
Eighth do.....	78 3 5 86
Recruits in fatigue dress.....	175
Total, as per Adjutant's report before leaving Jersey City.....	991
Estimated number afterwards added to the same.....	49
Grand Total.....	1,031

THE KING AND THE SEIDLITZ POWDERS.—On the first consignment of Seidlitz powders in the capital of Delhi, the monarch became deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing-box. A box was brought to the King in full Court, and the interpreter explained to his Majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and having added water the King drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no signs of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury, and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved, and as eagerly swallowed by his Majesty, with a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered among the kingdoms. The monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and in his full agonies screamed, "Hold me down!" then rushing from the throne fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound spitting like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death—a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.

THE POPE. according to annual custom, which has prevailed since the time of Urban V. in 1366, went on Sunday last to bless the golden rose, which is presented to a female sovereign. It is believed that this year the Holy Father will offer the rose to the Queen of Naples.

An attempt was made to get up a cheer for the Pope, as he entered St. Peter's this week, but it proved a dead failure. The Royal family of Naples were present at the ceremony, and received an especial benediction from the Pope as he passed them.

THE POPE. at the Consistory held on the 18th inst. at Rome, is said to have admitted the newly appointed French bishops.

ADVICES from Naples announce that the sale by auction of the property of the late Prince of Syracuse is to take place immediately, beginning with the objects of art. The Chioja Palace and its beautiful garden were to be put up at 200,000 ducats (4f. 25c. each), and his villa at Sorrento at 100,000 ducats.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Prince of Wales has become a life member of the Cambrian Institute, of which Prince L. L. Bonaparte is President; and has subscribed twenty pounds to the funds of the Society.

THE NEWS from St. Petersburg is startling. There had been fears of an insurrection in the capital. The troops had passed the night under arms, and the Palace had been strictly guarded.

Steam Weekly between New York and Liverpool,
LANDING AND EMBARKING PASSENGERS AT QUEENSTOWN (IRELAND).

The Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia Steamship Company intend despatching their full-powered Clyde-built Iron Steamships as follows:

GLASGOW, SATURDAY, APRIL 27.
CITY OF WASHINGTON, SATURDAY, MAY 4.
VIGO, SATURDAY, MAY 11.

And every Saturday, at noon, from Pier 44 North River.

RATES OF PASSAGE:

First Cabin.....\$75 00 Steerage.....\$30 00
" " to London 80 00 " to London 33 00
Steerage Return Tickets, good for Six Months.....\$6 00
Passengers forwarded to Paris, Havre, Hamburg, Bremer, Rotterdam, Antwerp, &c., at reduced through fares.
Persons willing to bring out their friends can buy tickets here at the following rates, to New York: From Liverpool or Queenstown; first Cabin, \$75, \$85 and \$105. Steerage from Liverpool, \$40. From Queenstown, \$30. These Steamers have superior accommodations for passengers, and carry experienced Surgeons. They are built in Water-tight Iron Sections, and have Patent Fire Annihilators on board.
For further information apply in Liverpool to WILLIAM INMAN, Agent, 22 Water St.; in Glasgow to WM. INMAN, 5 St. Enoch's Square; in Queenstown to C. & W. D. SEYMOUR & CO.; in London to EIVES & MACEY, 61 King William St.; in Paris to JULES DECOUE, 5 Place de la Bourse; in Philadelphia to JOHN G. DALE, 69 Walnut St., or at the Company's Offices.

000 JOHN G. DALE, Agent, 15 Broadway, N. Y.

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A NEW Mechanical Appliance, for the arrest of Local Debility, Spermatorrhea, &c. (sure and effectual.) Price \$1. Mailed, free from notice, by DR. BENNETT, Box 101, care B. Lockwood, Broadway Post Office, New York City. Country bills at par.

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Send the Pills by mail, and oblige

Your ob't Servt, JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.
MR. SPALDING—SIR—I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills. I have received a great deal of benefit on them. Yours respectfully,

MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA., Jan. 18, 1861.
H. C. SPALDING—SIR—You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.

Respectfully yours, JNO. B. SIMONS.

P. S.—I have used one box of your Pills and find them excellent.

BELLE VERNON, OHIO, Jan. 15, 1861.
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It has a straight needle, perpendicular motion, makes the Lock or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will neither RIP nor RAVEL, and is alike on both sides; performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nankin Muslin, with cotton, linen or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

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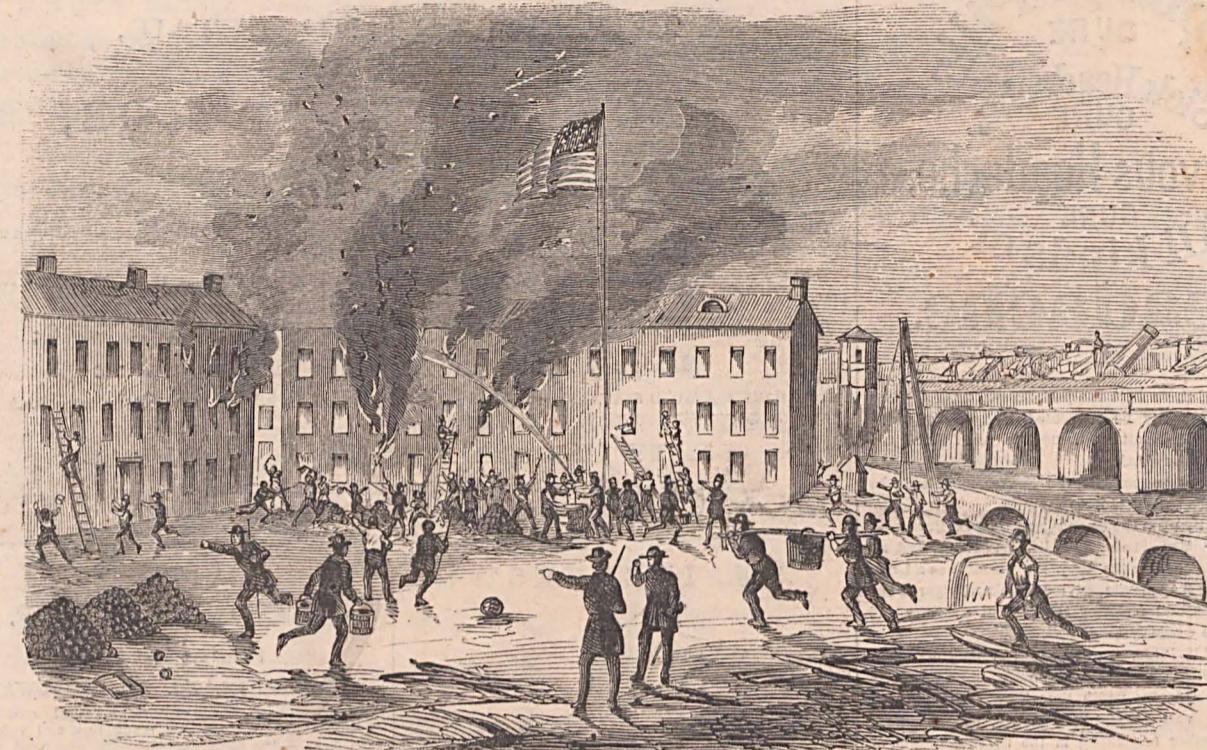
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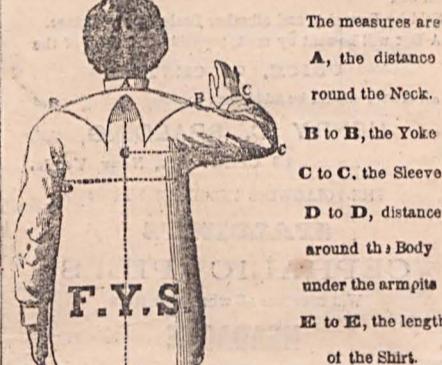
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